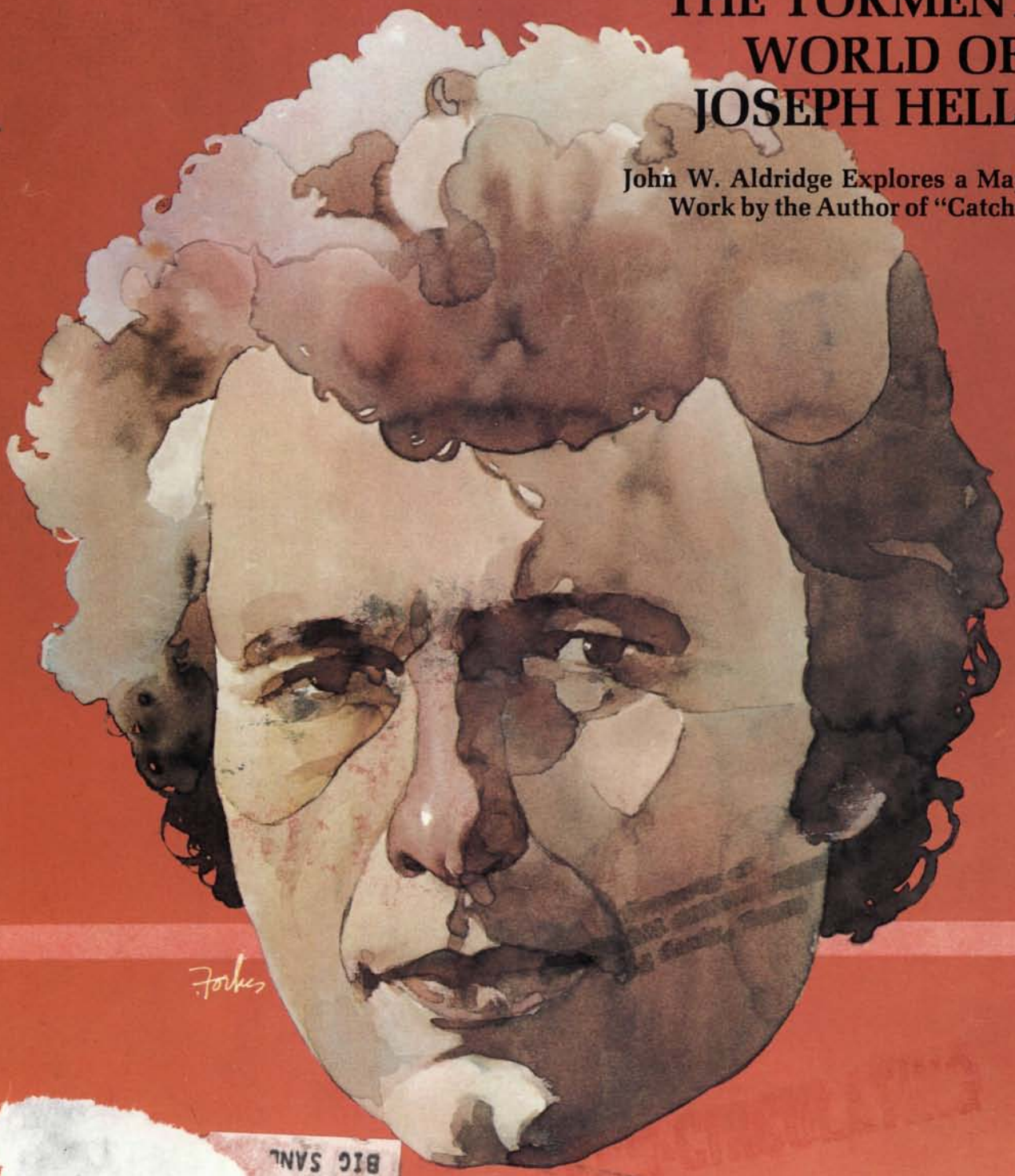
75¢ FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY YEAR October 19, 1974

Saturday Review World

THE TORMENTED WORLD OF JOSEPH HELLER

John W. Aldridge Explores a Major New Work by the Author of "Catch-22"



Is the Picket Line Obsolete?

by A. H. Raskin

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Dry Sack on-the-rocks is a great drink before lunch or dinner. No wonder Dry Sack, the man's sherry, is so popular.
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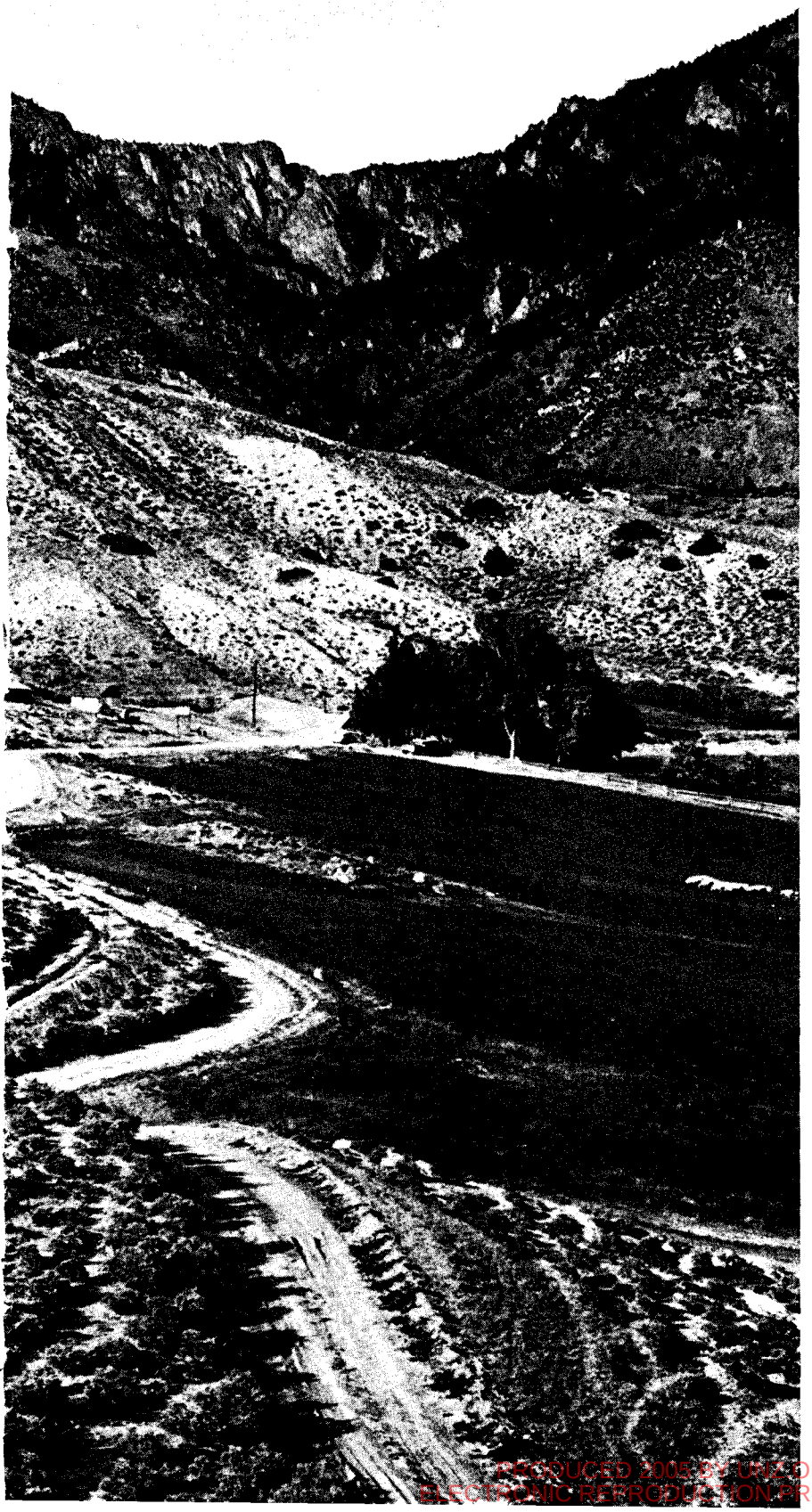
Rural America...
Land of Many Faces

'In some parts of our region we've had to string up to seven miles of line to reach one consumer.'



Marvin Hankins, Manager
Big Horn Rural Electric
Basin, Wyoming

You'll often find rural electric cooperatives serving in America's hard-to-get-to spots . . . where people are few and far between. Providing these consumers with power — even if it takes seven miles of line to reach one family — is just part of the rural electric job.

We serve bustling small towns and rural communities, too — but, nationally, we average only four consumers for every mile of line.

It takes a lot of hard work, careful planning, and ingenuity to meet the many different needs of our nation's countryside.

We can handle it.

We're nonprofit, consumer-owned rural electric systems. We know how to take on challenges; it's the nature of our business. We're experienced and resourceful, with a people approach to problems.

Ours is a big job — but then, we work for a big country.

America's Rural Electric Systems

We care . . . we're consumer owned®

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2000 Florida Ave., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20009

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Goodyear introduces the smooth-riding radial. The new Double Eagle with Flexten.

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Goodyear is pleased to announce a major improvement in radials.

A ride of extraordinary comfort.

If you've been riding on steel-belted radials, you realize that's quite a claim. And the reason we can state it so unequivocally is Flexten.

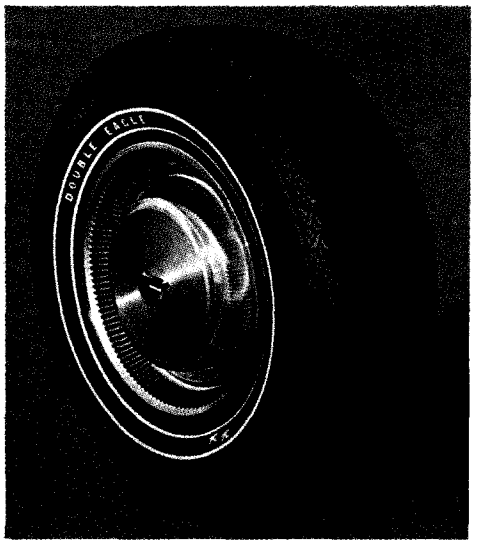
Flexten is a revolutionary new tire cord (under development for the past nine years) which Goodyear is introducing in the belts of this tire for the first time.

There are two truly remarkable things about Flexten. One is its flexibility. It's this quality that separates the Double Eagle from conventional steel-belted radials.

You see, Flexten has a greater capacity than steel to give, to allow for irregularities in the road. And so, a Flexten-belted radial will give a smoother, quieter, more comfortable ride than any steel-belted tire we've ever made. How much so, you'll have to feel to believe.

The second remarkable fact about Flexten is its strength. Pound for pound, it's five times stronger than steel. So it follows you'll be riding on the strongest radial we've ever made.

More comfort. And peace of mind. Things you thought you couldn't buy at any price.



GOODYEAR

Double Eagle, Flexten TMs The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.

Double Eagle

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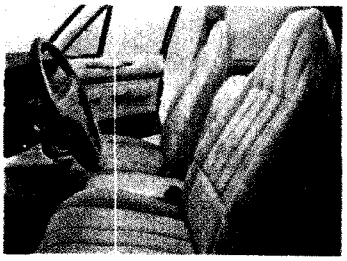
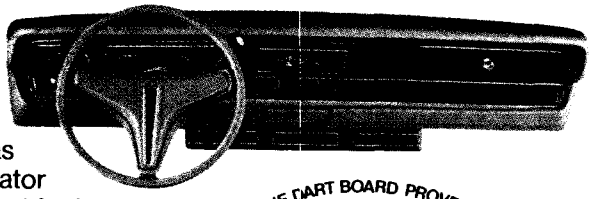
Dodge is right on target with the '75 Dart Special Edition. It's a lot of luxury in a little car.

If you've found that a lot of small cars today are pretty small on comfort and style, then the '75 Dart Special Edition is the small car for you. It has an array of standard features that are usually anything but standard. Seats covered with crushed velour upholstery. Plush carpeting on the floor, halfway up the door, and even in the trunk. Map pockets are standard. So are color-keyed wheel covers. And front disc brakes. And power steering. Even the radio is standard.

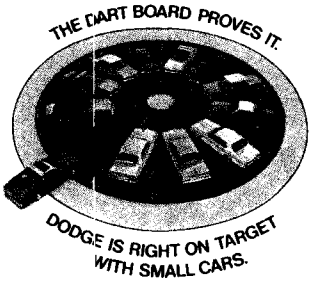


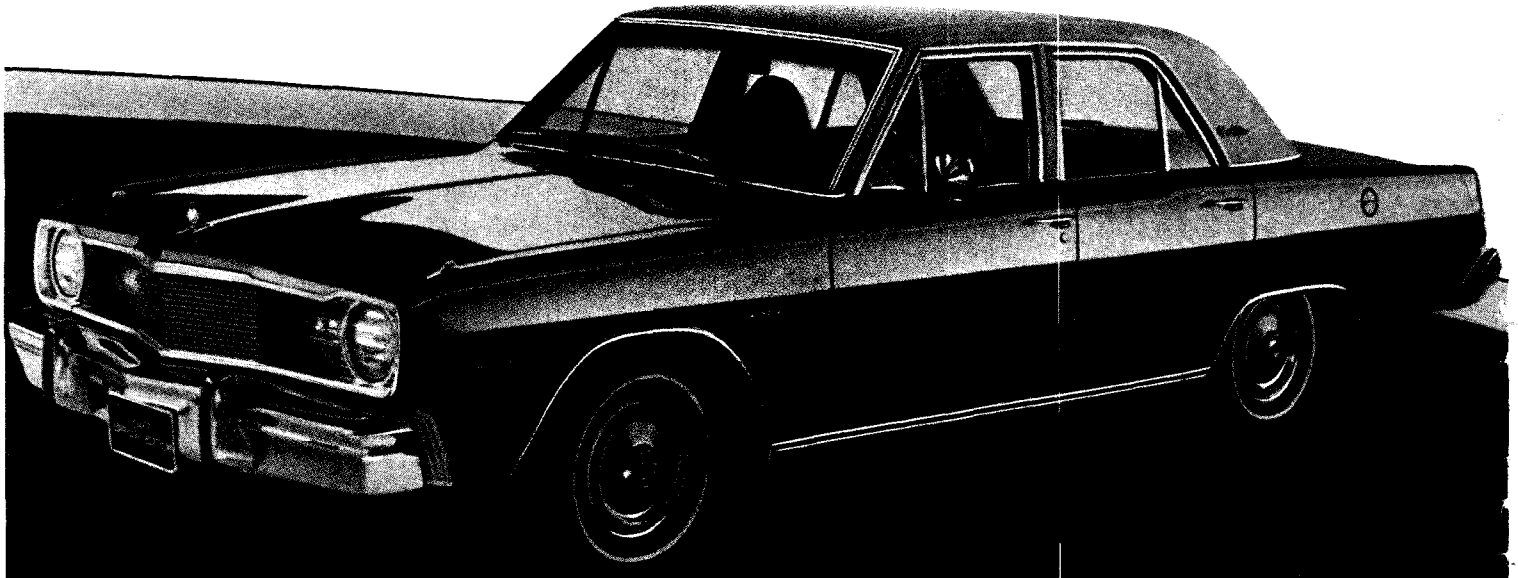
In other words, on the '75 Dart Special Edition, luxury comes as standard equipment.



And, as on all the '75 Darts, there are a lot of money-saving engineering features such as Electronic Ignition and electronic voltage regulator and, now for 1975, an optional fuel pacer that can help you save gas.

Today, over one million satisfied owners are already sold on Dart. The '75 Dart Special Edition is one beautiful way to make sure there'll be one million more.





CHRYSLER MOTORS CORPORATION

Extra care in engineering makes a difference in Dodge.

Dodge

Dodge Trucks

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Getting off the Low Road

In the general comment on Richard M. Nixon's resignation, one point was widely recognized: It would be a long time before another President of the United States would underestimate the intelligence of the American people and their capacity to make moral judgments.

Recent events, however, indicate that this comment may have been premature.

President Ford lost no time after his inauguration in saying he wanted to put Watergate behind us and to restore the confidence of the American people in their government. Only a few weeks later, however, Watergate erupted in full fury all over again when Richard Nixon was granted an unconditional pardon. Mr. Ford said his decision was made "in the best interests of the United States."

Mr. Ford didn't realize, apparently, the extent to which the American people believed Watergate had to be fully exposed before it could be exorcised. The main issue, as many Americans saw it, was whether a man who was forced to leave the White House because he had acted above the law should be exempted from the law in his retirement. To immunize any citizen, even an ex-President, against due process was to perpetuate the kind of obnoxious and unacceptable practice that was at the heart of the Watergate scandals.

Even more serious perhaps, as an example of misuse of power, is the President's attitude toward interference by the U.S. government in the affairs of other countries. The accounts of the CIA intervention in Chile prompted a reporter at the recent presidential press conference to ask Mr. Ford about his position in the event the government of Canada were subverted by the U.S.S.R. President Ford's astonishing answer was that a nation would be justified in attempting to subvert another nation if it was "in the best interests of the countries involved." He neglected to say whether he thought the peoples of the countries involved ought to be consulted.

The President failed to comment on the fact that our intervention in the coup against the first constitutionally elected government of Laos in 1960 actually resulted in strengthening the Communist forces we were trying to thwart. Nor did he mention the fact that the Christian Democratic party of Chile, long regarded as a bulwark against communism, is today making an underground alliance with the Communists against the present U.S.-supported military government.

The President's position is that the United States has no choice but to play the subversion game because others are playing it.

It is now generally accepted that the government has no right to break into the homes or the offices of its citizens. Why is it less improper or outrageous to break into other countries? Where does the process stop? Can any act or abomination be justified "in the national interest"? And if our secret agents in the field can find good reasons for acquiescing or engaging in assassination, or in fomenting riots, will they find equally good reasons to ply their trade "in the national interest" within the United States?

DOES THIS MEAN the United States should be unconcerned or paralyzed while other nations go about the business of overthrow and subversion? Certainly not. We have a better chance of combating subversion of nations from without by mobilizing world public opinion than by imitating the subverters. Our role in the United Nations, however, has not put us conspicuously on the side of world public opinion. The assault on Cyprus by Turkey left us curiously unmoved. Apparently, we were more concerned about balance-of-power considerations than about the connection between world justice and our world position.

President Ford could make no greater mistake than to assume the American people will agree to the proposition that subversion becomes us. If he attempts to defend illegal U.S. actions in Chile and Greece, he may discover he has started out on a road that, like Watergate and Vietnam, becomes more rugged and precarious in direct proportion to his insistence on staying on it.

There was a time in the history of this republic when we tried to uphold our national interest by standing out among the best of nations rather than by identifying ourselves with the worst. By justifying our actions in Chile and Greece, to mention only two adventures abroad, Mr. Ford may be heading directly into a constitutional test he cannot win and the loss of which could destroy him politically.

The high favor President Ford enjoyed when he first came to office is not beyond restoration. The process is not complicated. All that it calls for is bringing an abrupt end to anything that smacks of manipulation, concealment, trickery, and cynicism in government. The American people have new respect and a new sense of responsibility for their institutions. Anyone in office who undervalues this fact is running against the most important political reality of the decade. N.C.

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Letters From Readers

If F.D.R. Had Had a Watergate . . .

If N.C. is really serious about his statement, "Unless everything is known about the way the office of the Presidency can be distorted and disfigured and made to serve personal ends, it is not likely that the corrective process will be as precise as it has to be" ("Lessons for a President and a Nation," September 7), then he will have to start back at the beginning with Franklin D. Roosevelt. . . .

Roosevelt had great personal charm which he used with tremendous skill. His political astuteness was admired and studied by John Kennedy and Richard Nixon. The former had his charm without his ruthlessness. If the latter had had his charm, he might still be in the White House.

Roosevelt would have handled a Watergate situation by announcing it in a press conference and apologizing to the Republican party. Then with a smile, a sparkle in his eye, and a jaunty angle to his cigarette holder, he would have made a joke of a silly prank by a group with knee-pants mentality, and we all would have laughed with him. Mrs. Roosevelt, a great political asset, would have visited the spot, congratulated the observant custodian and, in "My Day" [her daily newspaper column], commented upon the social consciousness of our alert black citizens.

Phyllis A. Richmond
Cleveland, Ohio

Competition Versus Contemplation

If Harold Howe ("Report to the President," August 24) and Fred Hechinger ("The Case for Educare and the Open University," August 24) seriously think that their twenty-first-century life-style of "read, rest, and relax, while you contemplate" is something startling and new, they were poorly prepared in their homework. . . .

One does not have to search far in the pages of the philosophies of the East to find descriptions of a way of life that speaks out against our present competitive striving for excellence and replaces it with restful contemplation for the period of our lifespan, a time which is characterized as one more pebble on the sandy beach of eternity. . . .

The supposition that the work ethic is the basic cause of most of our woes is the nonsense perpetrated by the overread and overfed whose protected ivory tower of academic isolation rises high above an extended sea of unreality, whatever the decade.

Frank Raflo
Leesburg, Va.

Woman's Worth Is Never Done

I read with interest and sadness Clare Boothe Luce's article on the twenty-first-century woman ("The 21st-Century Woman—Free at Last?," August 24). The quoted study of Chase Manhattan Bank on the worth of the average housewife's services is itself an example of bias because only menial tasks are included. What about bookkeeper, secretary, planner, interior designer, hostess, guidance counselor, librarian, educator, community volunteer, etc., ad infinitum? If not "average," prevalent enough to be included, I believe. For the most part I would suppose that the housewife contributes about as much to the family and to society as her husband does in the "outside" world.

Louise Best Stokes
Cadiz, Ky.

What Price Greatness?

It is possible Joseph Stalin was the greatest political figure of the period 1924–1974 ("Giants of the Half-Century," August 10). Greatness surely doesn't mean goodness in the moral or Christian sense, in his case as well as Adolf Hitler's. Stalin led Russia toward being an important industrial power . . . with a high cost of 20 million of his people dying in World War II and over 10 million dying in the pre-World War II years. . . . But when the price is considered, what can we say about its being worth the effort?

Frederick J. Miller
Cedar Rapids, Iowa

Refuse Retrieved

After reading Isaac Asimov's article ("Clippings From Tomorrow's Newspapers," August 24), I looked back through my old copies of the *New York Hourly News* and found an interesting item:

Washington—April 9, 1997—The Secretary of the Environment announced this hour that all cars and low-hovering aircraft built after the summer production recess of this year must be equipped with the so-called Grabotny Entrapment Device (Grendy). This device, invented last year by Averell Grabotny of the New England School of Survival, when attached to the sides of cars, will not allow litter or other alien objects to be thrown from a moving vehicle . . . [by causing] a stream of air to flow into the vehicle when a window is opened on either side, thereby causing any refuse thrown out to be immediately blown back in.

Charles Minor
Spotsylvania, Va.

ENTERING
THE CITY OF HOPE, DESPAIR, HEARTBREAK, TRIUMPH, RICHES, POVERTY, FRUSTRATED AMBITIONS, BRIGHT TOMORROWS, TEARS, LAUGHTER, MISERY, REDEMPTION,

"That ought to be eclectic enough for any Harvardian."

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World Progress Report

Fresh Air

For the 70 years since the syphilis spirochete was discovered, its sordid reputation has been enhanced by the belief—popular as well as scientific—that it flourishes only in dark, airless crannies, perversely thriving where healthy organisms could not survive. Listed in all the textbooks as "anaerobic"—living only in the absence of oxygen—the despised organism has never been successfully grown in the laboratory; research has instead tended to concentrate on organisms thought more amenable to test-tube life. Basic questions about syphilis, never asked, were never answered.

Intrigued by the difficulty of culturing the organism and challenged to persist by the current resurgence of syphilis to epidemic strength, Dr. Charles D. Cox of the University of Massachusetts spent three months at the National Library of Medicine in Bethesda, Md., surveying the world's literature about the dishonored disease. Having found no good evidence for the notion that *Treponema pallidum*, the guilty organism, is anaerobic, Dr. Cox returned to his Amherst laboratory to test the spirochete's appetite for oxygen. Using a new device that makes quick measurements of oxygen consumption by bacteria, Dr. Cox found that the syphilis organism was, if not exactly a fresh-air fiend, at least aerobic and presumably susceptible to cultivation in the laboratory.

Using radioisotopes, Dr. Cox next plans to identify the spirochete's favorite foods in the human body, in order to provide the proper diet in experimental situations. "If we can grow it," says Dr. Cox, "then we can try to find out how it causes damage to the arteries and the brain, if more than one strain exists, and how antibiotics attack the organism." With such new knowledge, "hopefully we can develop a vaccine."

Straight in the Eye

Any amateur Sherlock Holmes can deduce that the suspect with the nervous, shifty eyes is the one to watch. Now a group of psychiatrists at the University of Chicago have refined this elementary observation into a test for predicting schizophrenia, the widespread emotional syndrome characterized by retreat from reality, disordered thought processes, delusions, and hallucinations. The incipient illness manifests itself in jerky eye movements recorded by tiny electrodes attached to the edge of the eye of a subject watching a swinging pendulum.

In an experiment reported in *The Archives of General Psychiatry*, the researchers tested the eye responses of a group that included diagnosed schizophrenics, members of their families, nonschizophrenic mental patients, and presumably "normal" subjects selected from the general population. The results showed that 52 percent of the recently diagnosed schizophrenics and 86 percent of the long-term schizophrenics could not track the pendulum smoothly. Of their relatives, who might have an inherited susceptibility to the illness, 45 percent revealed irregular eye movement, compared with only 10.5 percent of the nonschizophrenic mental patients and 8.3 percent of the "normal" population.

The psychiatrists are hopeful that if the new test can detect the illness early enough, they may be able to treat the patient before the severe emotional symptoms appear.

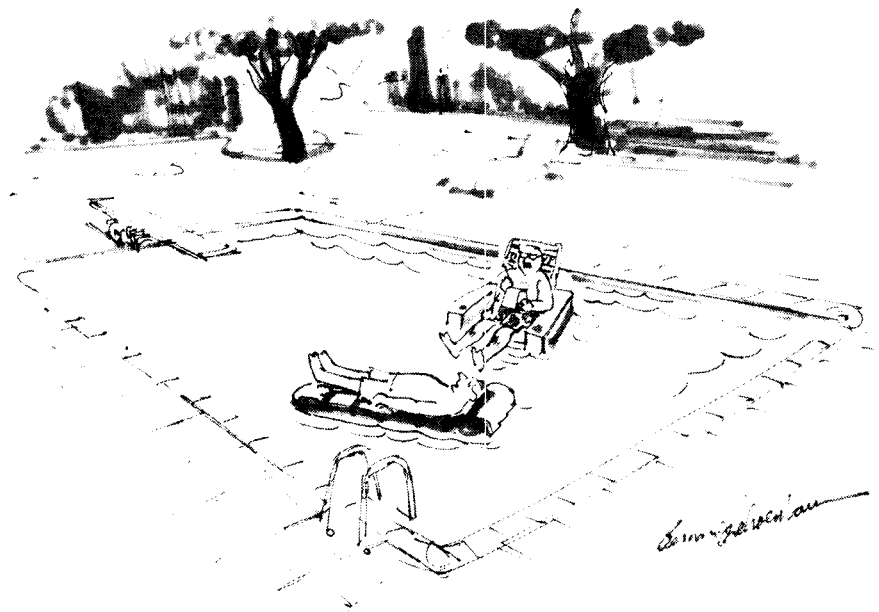
Running Water

The friction between water and solid bodies may not be enough to bother the ordinary swimmer or the Sunday sailor, but it's a real drag—the same drag that makes the air sticky for fast-flying planes—when speed in the water is of the essence. Chemists at Columbia University are working on a lubricant that can make anything from a warship to a water ski go faster with less energy.

Scientists have known for years that small doses of extremely long, fragile molecules, such as polyethylene oxide and polyacrylamide, can be added to water to make it flow more easily. "Fast water" has attracted the interest of fire departments as a means of maintaining vital pressure when the water must be hosed over long distances. The British navy even looked into the possibility of squirting the long molecules into the water to enable its ships to attain higher speeds, but the idea proved uneconomical.

The Columbia chemists are concentrating instead on attaching the long molecules to the ship's hull rather than to the water. Assistant Prof. Carl C. Gryte and graduate student Jay Chapman are working with nylon pipe, which they are blasting with radiation to create molecular "free radicals" on its inner surface; they hope the long molecules can be induced to attach themselves to the free radicals while retaining their lubricating properties. Meanwhile, researchers at the Naval Research Laboratory in Washington, D.C., have developed branched molecules of polyacrylamide which, it is hoped, will be strong enough, despite their length, to withstand the wear and tear.

ANTHONY WOLFF



"Dr. Morgenstern, it's good of you to let me interrupt your vacation like this."

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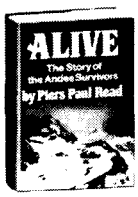

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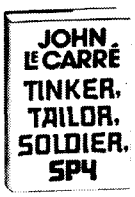

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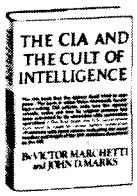

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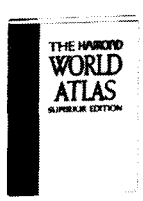

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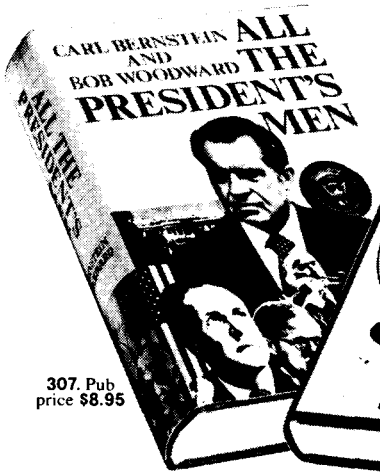

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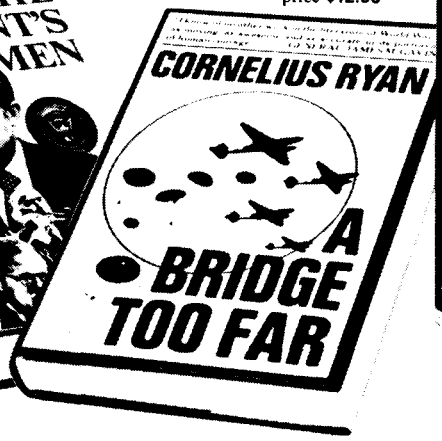

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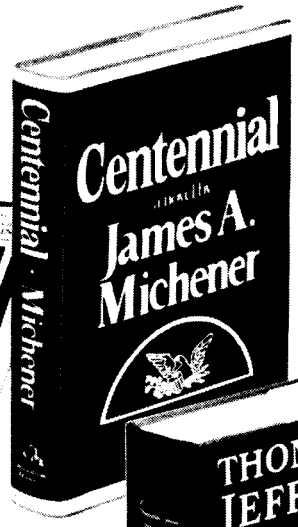

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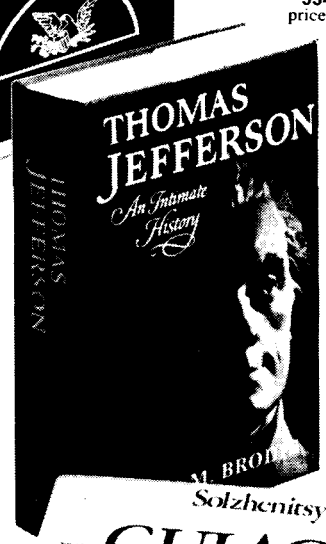

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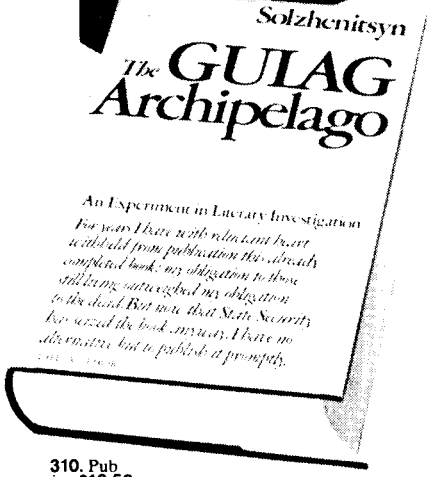

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Report From Bucharest

"People Are the Most Precious"

by Anthony Astrachan

Bucharest, Romania

The World Population Conference has come and gone without ever saying in so many words that there is a population crisis—that there are too many people, increasing too rapidly in number, for the world's resources in food, energy, and raw materials and for its ability to absorb waste.

But the 3,000 politicians, diplomats, journalists, experts, and amateurs from 136 countries who spent more than two weeks here in meetings, seminars, and turkish-coffee table talk did achieve some success.

Bristling confrontations in the governmental meetings gave nations favoring population control and those against it a better understanding of each other. Non-governmental gatherings examined the gritty issues beneath the diplomatic wranglings.

Anthony Astrachan, a veteran foreign correspondent, is now a free-lance writer.

Most importantly, Bucharest produced two kinds of consensus that could lead to future action: the conscious welding together of population policy and social and economic development and the formulation of guidelines in a World Population Plan of Action that could stabilize the world's population at 12.3 billion by 2125 A.D.

Of the many population problems discussed at Bucharest, only the role of women gained anything like adequate attention. The final version of the World Population Plan of Action adopted by the delegates stipulates that governments shall ensure the "full participation of women in the educational, social, economic, and political life of their countries on an equal basis with men." The plan contains six detailed paragraphs of recommendations, including one which recognizes that improvement in the status of women can contribute to smaller family size. The conference also adopted various other resolutions on the role of women not mentioned in the plan.

These resolutions on the role of women were the result of one of the few successful combinations of government and non-government efforts at any world conference. It should be noted, however, that the resolutions were adopted only after concerned women had conducted a whirlwind lobbying effort in the conference corridors. Among the most visible feminists were Betty Friedan, one of the founders of the American women's movement; Margaret Mead, the redoubtable anthropologist; Germaine Greer, the author of *The Female Eunuch*; and Franziska Hosken, a Massachusetts feminist. Friedan and Hosken both tried to start an international women's network, each denying she was competing with the other. Both seemed to have a hard time getting Western women to listen to their Third World sisters and vice versa, but there were occasional breakthroughs.

One such advance came at the U.N. Encounter for Journalists, which preceded the main conference. There Lucille Mair of the University of the West Indies testified that women form the world's most underdeveloped community, exploited both by upper-class males and by their own men in ways that derive from the old slavery system as well as the new industrial system. She said that the woman of the Third World would not accept her male partner's argument that the birth-control pill is an imperialist plot to destroy their race—a thrust that proved an effective answer to some of the demagoguery being expressed both in the corridors and on the podiums.

It was sharply ironic that this debate over the role of women was being held in Romania, a country which is trying to increase its population from 20 to 25 million by 1980 and has therefore restricted abortion and the Pill to women who are over 40 or have more than three children. Merle Goldberg and Lola Langley of the U.S. group called National Women's Health Coalition caused an uproar when they set up a pro-abortion exhibit at a non-governmental meeting called the Population Tribune and passed out buttons reading (in English, French, Spanish, and Swahili) "My Body Belongs to Me." The uproar was by no means diminished when the group distributed companion buttons reading "But I Do Lend!"

It was hard to say which of these buttons caused greater outrage among the nearby people at the U.S. Coalition for Life table. Some indignant coalition people promptly tipped off Romanian authorities that Romanian women on the staff assigned to help at the confer-

(Continued on page 58.)

"Do you want to spend all our traveler's checks and make France happy or bring some home and make President Ford happy?"

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IBM Reports

The global flow of technology

This country has long taken pride in its technological accomplishments. And rightly so. But, if we ever harbored the notion that technology belonged exclusively to America, that delusion was dispelled forever when a 184-pound instrument package called Sputnik I was launched in October of 1957.

Sputnik dramatically underscored the fact that technological innovation has never been confined to one nation, ours or any other.

Among the most significant developments during the remarkable period of technological achievement since World War II, major advances were made by Britain in exploring the universe through radio astronomy, by Austria in increasing steel production with the oxygen process of steelmaking, by West Germany in furthering automotive technology through development of the rotary engine, and by Japan and France in high-speed rail transportation. Other nations made similar strides.

During this same period, a sense of global interdependence, backed by policies encouraging freer trade, fostered a vital flow of inventions and ideas between nations. The whole world has benefited from this flow. The United States has benefited from it particularly.

For example, jet engines developed under licensing agreements with British companies were important factors in the outstanding success of American aircraft manufacturers in the world commercial aviation market.

IBM, like many other American companies, has patent cross-licensing agreements with foreign firms. In addition, scientists and engineers working at IBM's own laboratories outside the United States have contributed in major ways to the development and improvement of IBM products.

In fact, most of the computers that have come off IBM production lines have incorporated innovative technology developed by nationals of other countries.

Of course, the importance of the flow of inventions and ideas today extends far beyond any one or two industries, or any one or two countries. It is inextricably linked with the economic and social well-being of all nations, developed and underdeveloped alike.

We believe it important to preserve the spirit of international cooperation which has made possible such productive exchanges.

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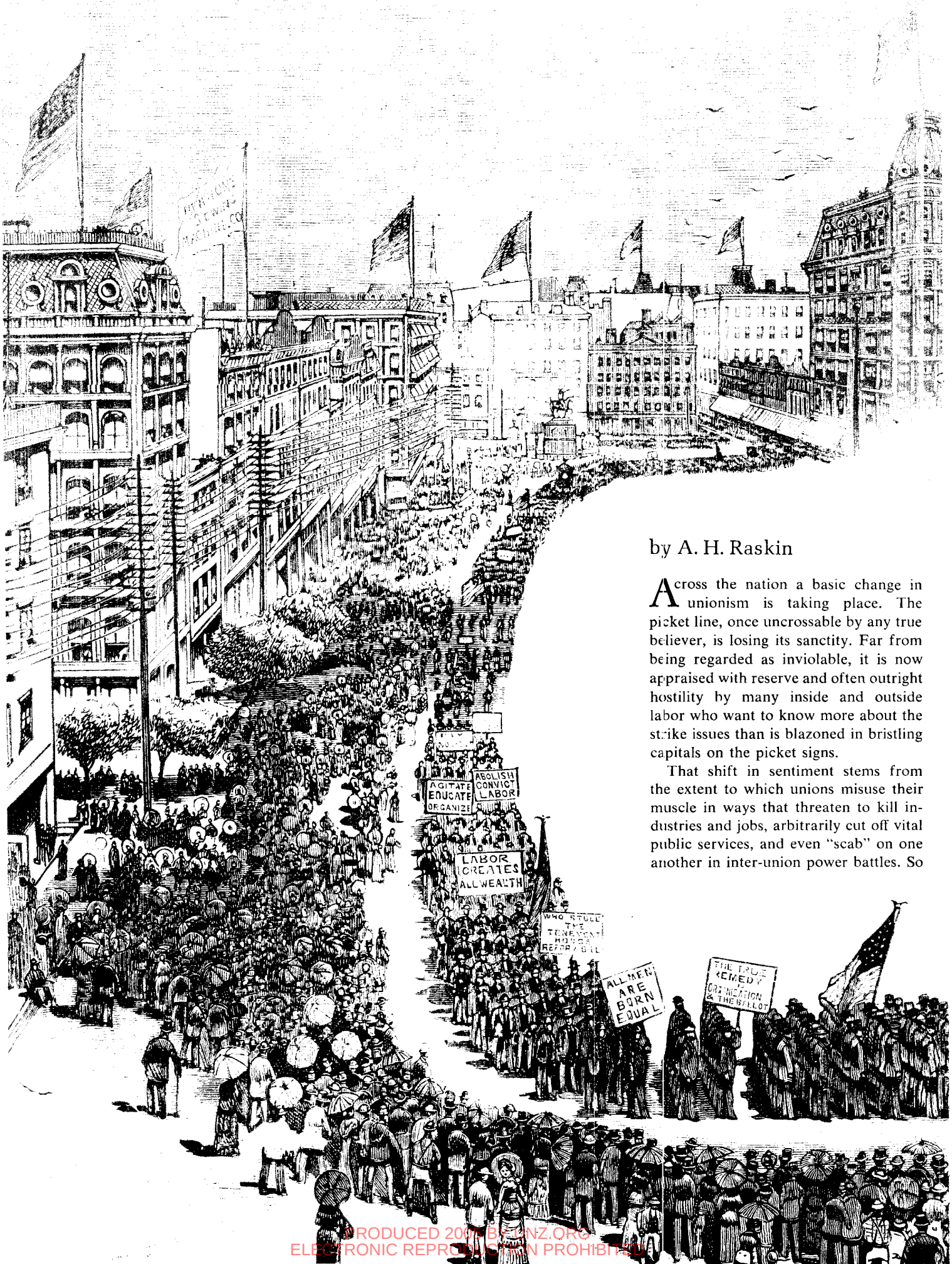

by A. H. Raskin

Across the nation a basic change in unionism is taking place. The picket line, once uncrossable by any true believer, is losing its sanctity. Far from being regarded as inviolable, it is now appraised with reserve and often outright hostility by many inside and outside labor who want to know more about the strike issues than is blazoned in bristling capitals on the picket signs.

That shift in sentiment stems from the extent to which unions misuse their muscle in ways that threaten to kill industries and jobs, arbitrarily cut off vital public services, and even "scab" on one another in inter-union power battles. So

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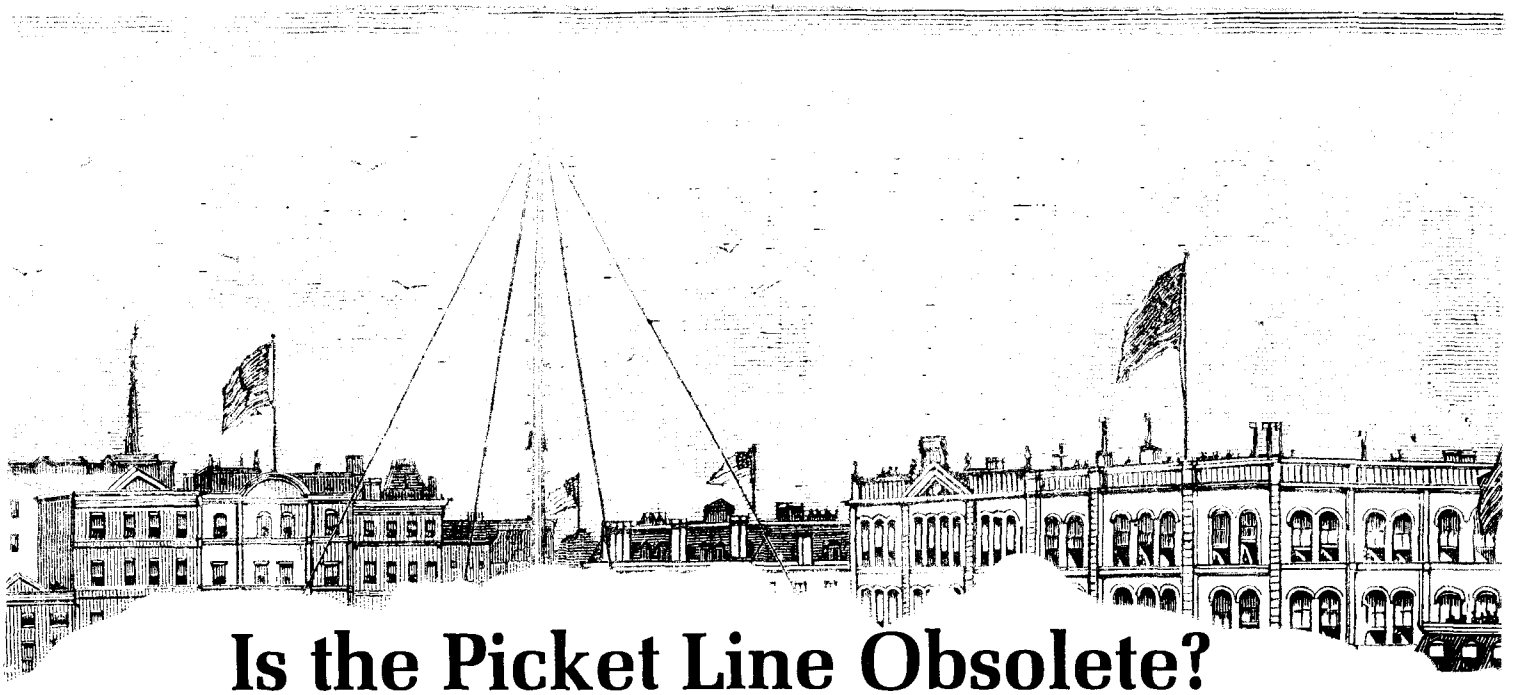

Is the Picket Line Obsolete?

Deeply conservative and fearful of going on strike, America's once-militant unions are looking weak, indecisive, and middle-aged.

resistant have millions become to such union malpractices that it would be suicidal for labor—even the substantial segments which are without fault—to ignore the changing perceptions in both workplace and community which turn the picket line from stone wall into sieve when it is seen as an instrument of tyranny for selfish advantage rather than of collective action for economic justice.

In recent months the unions that have had to learn that lesson through painful humiliation have ranged from the most tradition-encrusted of labor's senior citizens—the venerable craft unions in the printing trades—to rambunctious youngsters so new to the House of Labor that George Meany won't even recognize their right to take out a lease—the Players Association of the National Football League.

The professional football players, with salaries running up to Joe Namath's $250,000 a season, never could get the fans terribly enthusiastic about their fight for "freedom" from wage slavery. Not that the fans had any more affection for the club-owners, an assembly in which Captain Kidd and "Long John" Silver would have felt right at home. Among those whose loyalty at the box office and the home television screen had turned pro football into the lushest of big businesses, the predominant attitude was that they had no interest in watching rookies play. By the time W. J. Usery, Jr., the chief federal mediator, had arranged a truce to get everybody off the hook, it was plain that the steady drift of regulars back into the training camps was about to bring a collapse of the strike—and probably of the infant union as well. The militants screamed "sellout," but the picket lines came down for good.

If the gridiron stars were thrown for a loss in their union debut, the 1974 record of picket-line effectiveness was no less dismal for unions that could trace their origins back to the American Revo-

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A. H. Raskin, a longtime observer of the labor scene, is assistant editorial page editor and editorial board member of The New York Times.

Culver

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lution. In contests over automation and featherbedding work rules, in a dozen cities from New York to Kansas City, the printers, the pressmen, and other newspaper craftsmen found that the onrush of new technology had so eroded the historic lines of craft separation that even the tightest picket lines could not stop newspapers from coming out.

The wholesale replacement of men by machines in a dozen other fields, the depression psychology bred within many unions by "slumpflation" (the blend of skyrocketing living costs and a sagging job market), and the altered public view of a labor movement transformed from underdog to overdog have all combined to lessen the readiness of large numbers in and out of labor's ranks to give automatic respect to the picket line.

Even though this trend toward selective response has led with increasing frequency to large-scale piercing of the line by wearers of union buttons, it remains heresy in the labor hierarchy to suggest that some modification may be overdue in the classic union view that anyone who crosses a picket line as a "scab" is lower in the scale of moral obloquy than a pickpocket or a pimp.

THE OFFICIAL UNION definition of a scab, still in daily use in strikes and organizing campaigns, dates back to the heyday of the Wobblies, the Industrial Workers of the World, before World War I. Long, but erroneously, ascribed to Jack London, that definition begins: "After God had finished the rattlesnake, the toad, and the vampire, he had some awful substance left with which he made a scab." From that temperate opening the description works up through an increasingly purple collection of insults to this parting testimonial: "Esau was a traitor to himself; Judas was a traitor to his God; Benedict Arnold was a traitor to his country; a scab is a traitor to his God, his country, his family, and his class."

The Supreme Court, called upon last June to decide whether that litany was libelous when applied to a handful of Virginia letter carriers who had refused to join the AFL-CIO union which a majority of their associates had chosen as bargaining agent, felt that it fitted right in with the tradition of "uninhibited, robust, and wide-open debate" characteristic of labor relations and encouraged by the federal labor laws. The *AFL-CIO News* hailed the decision in a cartoon depicting two rats in flashy *mafioso* garb, slinking down the steps of the Supreme Court building and complaining, "We get no respect!"

For all the vehemence of this insistence that any strayer from unionism's straight and narrow carries "a tumor of rotten principle" where decent people have hearts, it was hard to discern any sense of moral anguish among the members of newspaper unions who pushed past picket lines in many places this year.

The most conspicuous of these breaches came during 17 days in May when 900 members of "Big Six," the New York local of the International Typographical Union, marched outside the *Daily News* building with "Locked Out" signs while members of nine other organizations, in what only a few years ago had been the "blood brotherhood" of New York newspaper unionism, treated them as invisible.

Four automated typesetting machines, hooked to a computer and operated by 35 non-union secretaries and supervisory employees, enabled the tabloid to keep grinding out 2 million copies a day and nearly 4 million on Sundays. Unionized reporters and copy editors produced the stories, union photographers took the pictures, union pressmen ran the presses, and union drivers rushed the papers to the readers. All this in New York, which, as Mayor Abraham D. Beame had just finished assuring the high command of the city's labor movement at a Gracie Mansion cocktail party, was "still a union town."

Unquestionably, distinctive elements in the conflict over automation at the *Daily News* helped explain the isolation of the printers in that struggle. Yet the situation was much the same in other cities. In Dallas, where pressmen struck in a dispute over management insistence on flexibility in assigning press crews, the other unionized crafts on the city's two papers came through the picket lines. Both papers have continued to publish regularly since May without union pressmen.

The story has been much the same in Kansas City, where *The Star* has been getting out full editions after all its 98 pressmen were fired five months ago in a row over the dismissal of one unionist. For the first week 500 members of other crafts refused to pass the pressmen's picket line. But now they are all back, and permanent replacements have been hired for the striking pressmen. Less than half the old crew is needed to man the presses. In a half-dozen smaller cities, newspaper strikes have resulted in obliteration of the striking unions, a trend so marked that the new international leadership of the printers' union is

When Picket Lines Were Sacrosanct

In the early years of this century, when the yellow-dog contract was a favorite employer's device for compelling workers to stay out of unions or forfeit their jobs, solidarity was the rock on which all dedicated unionists built their hopes for labor's eventual triumph. The picket line was more than a symbol of labor unity; it was a weapon designed to render the boss impotent by keeping his plant tightly shut. Anyone who crossed the line not only risked getting his head bashed in but also was automatically cast into outer darkness as a "scab," a traitor to the working class. The merits of the strike did not matter; the picket line was sacrosanct.

In the New Deal years, when the infant unions in the mass-production industries battled private armies of professional strikebreakers under the slogan "Franklin D. Roosevelt Wants You to Join a Union," the mystique of the picket line caught up large numbers of citizens with no institutional ties to labor. Children were indoctrinated in the inviolability of the picket line. Housewives shunned butcher shops and bakeries that had pickets outside the doors. Picketed restaurants and theaters languished for lack of patrons.

That spirit of involvement in a crusade was much in evidence among the thousands of rubber workers who helped launch the CIO by camping for five freezing, blizzard-ridden weeks in 1936 in a shantytown of corrugated paper and scrap wood outside the huge Goodyear plant in Akron.

And that same spirit animated the sit-down strikers who fought back with metal pipes, nuts and bolts, pop bottles, coffee mugs, and a hail of two-pound steel auto-door hinges when the Flint, Mich., police sought to dislodge them with tear gas and buckshot

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giving top priority to a search for merger partners. It hopes that formation of a single, industry-wide graphic-arts union will restore some of the leverage that the individual crafts have lost under the onslaught of robotized printing.

Because the battle at the *Daily News* pointed up so many of the paradoxes in this new union squeeze, it is worth a closer look. It marked the collapse of the united front that the New York newspaper unions had forged in a 1950 strike and maintained through a quarter-century of increasingly strained partnership. A new kind of unity—against the printers, not the employer—emerged out of a conviction by the other unions that the printers' adamancy in pursuit of over-ambitious goals on both wages and protection against the job-killing potentialities of automation was turning New York into a newspaper graveyard.

Yet, even after the cannon which "Big Six" had trained on the publishers was downgraded to a popgun by proof that the *Daily News* could get along without the typographical union, the printers did succeed in winning the best automation agreement in the country—one so good it gives them more assurance of lifetime job security than any publisher has. What the pact could not give, however, was any comparable guarantee of long-term survival to the printers' union, fated to watch its already enfeebled muscle fade into nothingness as its members die or retire—unreplaced.

"The astonishing thing is not that the wild uprush of living costs has brought so many strikes but so few."

For the rank and file of the unions which ignored its pickets, a major impellent was their sense that "Big Six"—its empire doomed by the computer, the laser, and the cathode-ray tube—was a union on its way out, overplaying its hand in a bid for a lavish funeral. "They're dead, and they want to kill us all," was the way one pressman phrased it. Born in the pragmatism of bread-and-butter unionism, the concept of the picket line as inviolable becomes a casualty of that same pragmatism when the striking union is in the process of losing its reason for being because of technological change.

Theodore W. Kheel, one of the country's most inventive industrial peacemakers, who helped pilot the printers and publishers to snug harbor in the storm over automation, calls the situation at the *Daily News* "the product of major changes in the whole labor syndrome."

"The rhetoric is no longer the same," he says. "The right to strike takes on a wholly different significance when the union itself is vestigial. There is no reason for a union to exist just for the sake of being a union. It has to have a function. This will become a union of typists, the highest-priced typists in the world."

As technology revolutionizes industrial practices, from the manless refining of oil to using optical scanners to tote up customers' bills at supermarket checkout counters, unions in other fields will experience the same erosion in picket-line effectiveness that has already neutralized so many newspaper strikes. Indeed, automation's role in defanging unions was foreshadowed more than a decade ago when the introduction of big jets on the airlines brought a fierce battle between unionized pilots and unionized flight engineers over control of the "third seat" in jet cockpits.

The AFL-CIO upheld the flight engineers' right to the seat on the basis of precedents set in four-engine piston planes, but all the other unions representing flight and ground crews joined the pilots in ignoring the engineers' picket lines when they struck Eastern Airlines in protest against being frozen out of the cockpit. The pickets kept marching year after frustrating year without interrupting flights or noticeably discouraging patronage. Among Eastern's passengers, especially on its Washington–New York shuttle, were many top officers of the AFL-CIO. Neither the non-stop picket line nor recourse to the courts ever got the engineers back.

A full generation ago telephone workers learned that even a nationwide walkout could not stop the bells from ringing on long-distance as well as local calls. That hasn't stopped the workers from striking, but it has greatly diminished their leverage when they do. Each year brings extensions of automation's capacity to immunize key services against the tightest of picket lines.

One place where that message appears to have been heeded is in the labyrinth of railroad labor. Until now a picket line established by any one of the score of brotherhoods representing engineers, trainmen, track walkers, clerks, or other employees has been able to halt all the trains. Repeatedly, in the endless series of crises over featherbedding generated by unionized firemen with no fires to tend on Diesel locomotives, Congress has had to rush through emergency laws to reopen the country's rail lifeline. The same thing happened over and over when the microscopic unions in the shop crafts decided to hold out for more money than anyone else had received.

BUT NOW THAT overall rail employment has shrunk from 2 million in World War II to a current level of 600,000 and nationalization impends if more big carriers join the stricken Penn Central in insolvency, the dominant thrust on the union side is to team up with management in policies that will make the railroads more competitive with trucks, planes, and buses in regard to both freight and passengers. One element in that partnership has been early agreement on nationwide labor contracts, with tacit notice to mavericks that they will get no heed if they post pickets to upset the pattern. The current two-year pact

from the Fisher No. 2 plant of General Motors in 1937. When the police massed for a climactic charge, the strikers dragged a fire hose to the main entrance and turned an icy stream on the attackers, routing them in what has been immortalized in labor history as the "Battle of the Running Bulls."

Steel, the most basic of industries, told it all. The lifeblood of pickets, fighting to build a union against the Fricks, the Girdlers, and the Weirs, was shed from Homestead in 1892 to the Memorial Day Massacre in Chicago in 1937. Out of these sacrifices came a sense of solidarity so intense that by 1959, when the United Steelworkers of America shut down the nation's steel mills for 116 days, the notion had become unthinkable that anyone would try to operate the open hearths or the blast furnaces without the union. A solitary picket sign tied to a barrel outside a giant mill was all that was needed to keep it closed.

A.H.R.

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is nearing its expiration, with 6,500 traditionally truculent sheet-metal workers still refusing to sign, but the chill wind from the other brotherhoods appears to have cooled off any disposition on their part to go the old strike-happy route.

The worldwide scramble for markets, with Europe and Japan edging American products out of their dominant sales position at home as well as overseas, has fostered a similar movement away from strikes and toward cooperative relationship in steel, aluminum, the needle trades, the merchant marine, and many other industries. Instead of confronting one another on the barricades, union and industry leaders make mutual pilgrimages to Congress for protective trade laws and devise impartial machinery for getting rid of strikes before they get rid of the industries. Sometimes, where issues of environmental impact, price, or governmental bailout are concerned, this unity slops over into anti-public cartelism.

Such technological and commercial imperatives are not exclusively responsible, however, for the porousness of many picket lines these days. On the contrary, a more pervasive underlying factor is a changing climate on the part of the public generally and of labor's own rank and file toward the arbitrary exercise of labor power. To many, unions now rank as another form of big business, often as ruthless as the old "robber barons" in trampling on community interests for selfish gain.

The televised Senate hearings on labor-management rackets in the late Fifties left indelible memories of the frequency with which hoodlums hiding behind union buttons used strikes as vehicles of extortion or exploitation. The AFL-CIO, in its proudest hour, kicked out the mammoth International Brotherhood of Teamsters and other polluted affiliates. But the federation's enthusiasm for self-policing evaporated after passage of the Landrum-Griffin Labor Reform Act in 1959, and crooks are back in command of many powerful unions inside and outside the federation.

The extent to which strikes—particularly in the civil service—are in the most literal sense strikes against the public has been a further deterrent to popular allegiance. Too often the public pays for the strike in hardship while it is on and then pays again in higher prices or taxes when it is over. Governors and mayors, who once found themselves in political trouble if they failed to get vital services restored promptly through meek surrender to union demands, now become heroes by "get tough" policies toward unreasonable exactions.

"We get no respect."

The scab as "traitor to his God, his country, his family, and his class."

The head of one of the country's most respected unions, himself a lifelong exponent of idealistic standards, has given the following devastating estimate of where all this leaves unionism: "The labor movement of today resembles that of 25 years ago in name only. It has become a special interest group, not a social pioneer working for all of the people. The best example is the City of New York, where the unions, and particularly the civil-service unions, are doing what the monopolies did at the turn of the century. Their motto is, 'I must get all I can for my members, and I don't give a good goddam for anybody else.' "

The union chief's reasons for not wanting to be quoted by name are themselves a commentary on the depressed state of solidarity within labor. "I can't say these things on the record," he declares, "because raiding has become a popular sport. Small shops of the kind our members work in are especially vulnerable. The total moral breakdown in labor is reflected in the ability of those with power to grab anything they want."

Such views, it need hardly be stated, are heresy in the labor establishment. Thus, Thomas R. Donahue, a former assistant secretary of labor in the Johnson administration, who now serves as George Meany's right hand at AFL-CIO headquarters, lauds the labor movement as "the strongest, most solid, most consistent voice for social improvement, for democracy, and for the betterment of the human condition this nation has ever known."

True though it is that the AFL-CIO has been the most effective force on Capitol Hill lobbying for civil rights and for a broad range of progressive legislation, it is also true that, at the personal level, the impressive accomplishments of business unionism in improving conditions of life for workers and their families have caused a distinct rightward turn in their ideological identifications. The new "class consciousness" is protective of property values, if only because workers have much more to protect—homes, automobiles, university educations for their children, almost all of it financed on the installment plan.

When a steel worker and an auto worker average close to six dollars an hour and a building-trades mechanic earns twice that amount, they are less inclined to walk out over someone else's beef than they were in the Thirties, when labor, sweated and underpaid, was on the march everywhere against industrial autocracy. A longshoreman in the Port of New York, guaranteed a minimum of $16,640 a year even if he is never called on to go near a ship, will hardly leap at the opportunity to sacrifice income to register his solidarity with other elements in marine labor. That is one reason for the surprise emergence of Thomas W. Gleason—once the stormiest petrel on the waterfront—as chief conciliator for all the maritime unions in his capacity as president of the International Longshoremen's Association.

Similar considerations help explain why Gov. George C. Wallace's "I'm all right, Jack" brand of populism appeals to large numbers of union stalwarts in a way that the sterner type preached by Sen. George McGovern, with its stress on a bigger share for society's excluded, never did. Unions themselves contributed to the devaluation of their own best instrument for publicizing their grievances by the double standard they applied in evaluating picket lines—those they sanctioned were holy; those directed against them were indefensible "union-busting." That was true when the pickets were insurgents outraged by their leader's infringements of union democracy. It was equally true when union organizers or clerical employees formed unions and marched outside the unions for which they worked. The standard response of the picketed union leaders has been not only to brush past the protesters but also to denounce them in terms that plutocratic employers stopped using about unions a generation ago.

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The 2-million-member Teamsters Union, operating in flagrant collusion with the California growers to crush Cesar Chavez's tiny United Farm Workers, has openly warned every union in the AFL-CIO that it may go through their picket lines in strikes and organizing campaigns if they join in the consumer boycott which the federation has endorsed against lettuce and grapes not bearing the Chavez black-eagle label.

Strikes over civil rights—both those called by craft unions to keep minorities out and those called by minorities to compel crafts to let them in—have embroiled the picket line in the political tensions that tear cities apart. In terms of politicizing picket lines, however, the real dent in popular acceptance of the "never cross" doctrine resulted, not from anything the unions did, but from the pirating of their technique by groups representing all shades of political sentiment. Mass picketing demonstrations for everything from banning the bomb to banning birth control have carried the process to a point of self-defeat.

None of this is meant to suggest that it is time for labor to abandon the picket line as an outmoded symbol of togetherness. Any chance that it might do so died in the wreckage of the Newspaper Guild's abortive experiment with a picketless strike at *The Washington Post* last April. The guild, fearful that putting pickets outside the paper would make the striking news and office employees captives of the printers in a pre-run of the New York battle over composing-room automation, decided that the best way to win its fight for higher pay and other concessions was to have the reporters "withhold their excellence" and let the readers scream to management for restoration of high-quality news coverage.

The only trouble was that, even with Watergate and the furor over presidential impeachment, the pressure from disgruntled readers was not remotely comparable to the squeeze *The Washington Post* would have experienced if a picket line had stopped publication. "Perhaps one-half of 1 percent of the readers notice the difference," concedes Charles A. Perlik, Jr., the guild's international president. "The ordinary reader sees the paper looking pretty much the same and wonders what all the fuss is about."

At the end of the strike's second week, the local negotiating committee urged that *The Washington Post* unit go back to the old-time religion and station pickets. But by then disaffection was so rife within the unit that a group of senior newsmen took the initiative in forcing a settlement over the negotiators' heads.

In scores of unions, to be sure, the picket line needs no shoring up. When the strike signal comes, every union member goes out and stays out—and not primarily out of fear of physical violence, union-imposed penalties, or social ostracism. Inflation, chipping away the buying power of even the fattest pay envelope, is bringing a new surge of both militancy and solidarity in many sectors. Yet the astonishing thing is not that the wild uprush of living costs has brought so many strikes but so few. There is too much awareness in the upper echelons of labor and in the ranks as well that the "battle for the buck" has turned into a sterile exercise, in which the worker falls farther behind the faster he runs. Nowhere is the wish for an effective governmental program to curb inflation more intense than among unionists—a program that would mean pay boosts smaller in dollars but not subject to evaporation before they could be spent.

THE DUEL-TO-THE-DEATH quality common in America's early industrial conflicts is, happily, rare these days. The coal-miners, freshly delivered from oppression by an "unholy trinity" of union, industry, and governmental mismanagers, may use their contract negotiations this winter to revive a rebellious spirit akin to that Britain's miners exhibited in toppling the Heath government and restoring the Labor party to power. In general, however, the picket sign is less a banner of revolt than a claim to the protection of property—the worker's stake in his job. The social inspiration has gone out of it, except perhaps for bookkeepers and accountants. Often the issues are so complex that lawyers have to write the picket signs. More discouraging still, such challenging concerns as the quality of work life, the tapping of employee creativity to make jobs more human and products more serviceable, or the integration of ecological and economic considerations get short shrift compared with the race to nowhere for "more."

In these circumstances selectivity makes good sense in public assessment of any picket line. Regrettably, there is no counterpart of the Federal Trade Commission or the Securities and Exchange Commission to establish "truth in advertising" rules for pickets. The labor movement itself is a poor guide; its touchstone of solidarity gives it an institutional bias in favor of the "ins" and against dissenters of all stripes. The absence of any trustworthy clearing house for public information about the merits of strikes and picket lines will increasingly breed a callousness to the good as well as to the bad. That lack represents another sound reason for intensified union attention to the development of dependable new instruments for making all such recourses to the outmoded instruments of industrial warfare unnecessary. □

"I'm really a bluebird, but this magazine doesn't print its cartoons in color."

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BOOKS

Vision of Man Raging in a Vacuum

Something Happened
by Joseph Heller
Knopf, 569 pp., $10.00

Reviewed by John W. Aldridge

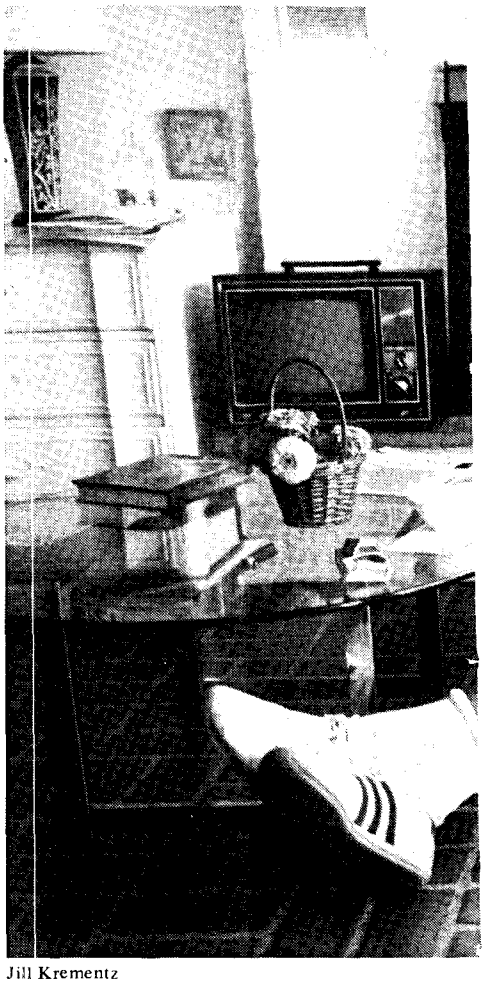
The publication of a second novel by Joseph Heller is in itself an event of major literary significance, but considering the special circumstances of his case, it must also be regarded as an act of singular courage. Thirteen years have now passed since the appearance in 1961 of *Catch-22*, and over that long period of time, during which Heller's creative silence has been broken only by the production of a play rather ominously entitled *We Bombed in New Haven*, we have had increasing cause to wonder whether he had it in him to write another large book or, indeed, could be expected to write anything important ever again.

There were, first of all, the usual trite but valid observations to be made about the hazards confronting the author of a brilliant first novel in America—about how often in the past some of our most promising young novelists were so compromised or deranged by the size of their initial successes that they ceased to function. Either they lacked the nerve to jeopardize their positions of celebrity by producing new work, or public acceptance on such a large scale had robbed them of a creative impulse based too exclusively upon a craving for public acceptance.

The difficulties Heller faced in undertaking a second novel were thus endemic to both the great success of *Catch-22* and the particular nature of his artistic achievement in that novel. He not only had to muster the nerve to risk a failure, which, considering the heavy investments already made in his reputation, would inevitably be less a failure than a catastrophe, but also had to take the large imaginative and psychic leap that might bring him into touch with the writer he was before he began living with the deadening image of himself as the author of *Catch-22*. It is never easy for a famous writer to find his way back to that state of consciousness in which it is possible to envision clearly the new work to be done without at the same time suffering the double vision of also seeing the work as the famous writer, now institutionalized in his celebrity, perhaps *ought* to be seeing it. And it is immensely more difficult when the work for which the writer is celebrated happens to have an originality of tone and language so widely recognized as his identifying manner that the impulse to fall into it again is overwhelming—as Hemingway was finally unable to see and depict experience except in the terms laid down by the stylistic mode that he had invented when he was young and that had won him his initial reputation. Heller, in short, could easily have taken the direction after *Catch-22* that everything in his situation might have pressured him to take. He could have lapsed into self-imitation and produced a new version or perhaps several new versions of *Catch-22*, each time escalating the comedy to greater numerical heights—*Catch-32*, *42*, *52*—ringing changes on that one good joke through book after book.

But there is evidence everywhere in this new novel that Heller's originality is of the order that depends on the constant reexamination of imaginative premises and the deepening exploration of more and more complex areas of consciousness. Its driving impulse is self-renewal rather than self-imitation, and the terms of its expression are those wholly appropriate to the new work, hence derivative of nothing antecedent to that work. There can be no doubt that the author of *Catch-22* wrote *Something Happened*. Tonal and stylistic continuities between the two books are numerous and unmistakable. But Heller has objectified his now greatly darkened vision of life through very different and much more complicated materials. He has discovered and possessed new territories of his imagination, and he has produced a major work of fiction, one that is as distinctive of its kind as *Catch-22* but more ambitious and profound, an abrasively brilliant commentary on American life that must surely be recognized as the most important novel to appear in this country in at least a decade.

The size of Heller's achievement is perhaps best demonstrated by his success in coming to terms with what is unquestionably the most difficult problem facing the American novelist today: how to give dramatic life and, above all, dramatic concreteness to individual experience at a time in our cultural history when the most urgent awareness is of the *un*dramatic nature of individual experience, and when the typifying obsession stemming from that awareness is with abstract states of consciousness—shifting and largely morbid psychological moods, anxieties arising out of a pervasive sense of the running out and running down of vital energies, entropic processes in society and within the self, the collapse of moral and social structures that once helped to give purpose and continuity to the individual life and provided the novelist with readily dramatizable materials.



Jill Krementz

Joseph Heller—"The drivi

John W. Aldridge, professor of English at the University of Michigan, is the author of a number of works of literary and social criticism, most recently The Devil in the Fire: Retrospective Essays on American Literature and Culture: 1951–1971.

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npulse of his originality is self-renewal rather than self-imitation."

The central concern of the kind of social novel Heller has chosen to write has traditionally been with the dilemma of people who exist in a world that demonstrates its connection with them by interfering in some way with their search for emotional freedom. The dramatic interest has most often been centered in the way such people have coped with the problem and discovered—or failed to discover—some means of mediating successfully between their personal desires and the demands of society. But the characteristic personal dilemma of our time is one in which the individual suffers, not from a conflict with oppressive social forces, but from the apparent absence of social forces that may effectively be engaged in conflict. This afflicts him with a helpless sense that society at large has no relation to him personally—that the freedom it gives him to do as he pleases, the benevolence of its corporate institutions, the leisure and affluence which are its seemingly unearned rewards, all dramatize his lack of connection with it. His mental state is shaped by chronic feelings of loss divorced from an understanding of what precisely has been lost. Hence, his response to the world is not heroic combativeness—since he cannot identify the enemy—but aggressive paranoia—since in a society seemingly governed by no principle of sanity or coherence literally anything can happen and probably will, and literally anyone may suddenly and for no reason *become* the enemy. The only reality is the constant likelihood of disaster, for nothing can reliably be known or relied upon, and the behavior of people, when they share no common moral assumptions and have no reason to be kind to one another, is altogether unpredictable. "A man was shot today in the park," says Heller. "Nobody knows why." "No one's in charge." The separation of action from motive, event from cause, creates anarchy in the public world and anomie in the individual.

THE SOCIAL SCIENCES have provided us with all the necessary and by now clichéd descriptions of this dilemma—alienation, dissociation, depersonalization, identity crisis, future shock—and we have been educated to think in these descriptions, which have the effect of abstracting and generalizing problems that already seem unrelatable to our personal lives just because they seem so abstract and general. That, in fact, *is* our problem: we live with a sense of the abstracted nature of experience in an age when the scientific descriptions of experience only serve to compound the abstraction, causing us to feel twice removed from a concrete engagement of the realities of our lives. Hence, Heller's task, in attempting to give direct fictional expression to this dilemma, was formidable indeed. He was obliged to confront conditions that we have learned to see in terms of stereotypical formulations, discover their meaning inside and behind those formulations, then reclaim them for fictional use by relating them to the particular circumstances of the individual life, translating them from the macrocosm of general social theory into the microcosm of specific social truth. To humanize a dehumanized condition in a novel would seem to be achievement enough. But to humanize a condition in which dehumanization is not merely the primary fact of life but the primary subject of consciousness is a nearly miraculous artistic feat.

Heller accomplishes this by making brilliant use of the technique of psychological realism. His theme is social and psychological entropy, and his material is the flow of impressions and memories through the mind of his protagonist, a middle-aged corporation executive named Bob Slocum, whose obsession is with the gathering evidence of the entropic processes at work within himself and his society. Slocum's consciousness is the very center of the drama and, in fact, constitutes the drama. The objective reality of the life he experiences is of small importance when compared with his subjective view of it. Hence, it is perfectly proper that the social context in which and upon which the action of his consciousness is played out should be rendered only marginally. His family, friends, business associates, and mistresses are finally realized in his perception of them, and it is his perception of them that creates their most significant reality. Like Dostoevski's Underground Man—and the whole of the novel is Dostoevskian in its compulsiveness and pathological morbidity—Slocum is a man raging in a vacuum, and the character of his raging identifies him as belonging squarely in the anti-heroic tradition.

In presenting such a portrait of Slocum's consciousness, Heller was faced with yet another technical difficulty: how to dramatize a condition of acute

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" 'Something Happened' is an abrasively brilliant commentary on American life that must surely be recognized as the most important novel to appear in this country in at least a decade."

psychic disturbance, which may well be the most common and *normal* condition of our time, without making it seem actual mental derangement and thus untrustworthy as the locus of the novel's point of view. He also had to cope with the problem that it is of the essence of Slocum's exacerbated vision of reality that there should be so little objective justification for it. In fact, the elements that are most real in Slocum's life are precisely those that might be considered conducive to peace of mind: material affluence and comfort, abundant leisure time, professional success, satisfactory marital relations, and considerable extracurricular sex with a number of attractive women. Yet these are the primary sources of his suffering because he is forever searching them for meaning and can find none. He cannot understand their relation to his life because he cannot understand himself in relation to his life. He is haunted by the sense that at some time in the past something happened to him, something that he cannot remember but that changed him from a person who had aspirations for the future, who believed in himself and his work, who trusted others and was able to love, into the person he has since unaccountably become, a man who aspires to nothing, believes in nothing and no one, least of all himself, who no longer knows if he loves or is loved, and whose thoughts are almost exclusively thoughts of imminent disaster. Something terrible is certain to happen to him; he is convinced of this, if only because something terrible once did happen that brought him to his present condition—and to his present fears that if something terrible does *not* happen, perhaps nothing will happen ever again.

JUDGED ON THE BASIS of his physical circumstances, Slocum could well be considered a sociological cliché, an amalgam of statistics straight out of an actuarial table. He is also, of course, a literary cliché, but he has been given life and individuality by the rigorously specifying art of a major novelist. He is a white, Anglo-Saxon Protestant of middle age, married, and the father of three children. He has a large income and owns a comfortable house on an expensive acre of land in Connecticut. He plays golf well and will play more often and with more important partners as he moves into the new and much better job he has been offered. His circumstances are entirely typical of his class; yet he is conscious of inhabiting a hellish world populated with demonic strangers who are partly real and partly projections of his own psychological torment. The corporation he works for provides him with security and prestige but neither challenge nor fulfillment.

The company is benevolent. The people, for the most part, are nice, and the atmosphere, for the most part, is convivial. . . . Every two weeks we are paid with machine-processed checks manufactured of stiff paper . . . that are patterned precisely with neat, rectangular holes and words of formal, official warning . . . that the checks must not be spindled, torn, defaced, stapled, or mutilated in any other way. (They must only be cashed.) If not for these words, it would never occur to me to do anything else with my check but deposit it. What would happen . . . if I did spindle, fold, tear, deface, staple, and mutilate it? What would happen if . . . I disobeyed?

I know what would happen: nothing. Nothing would happen. And the knowledge depresses me. . . . I suppose it is just about impossible for someone like me to rebel anymore. . . . I have lost the power to upset things that I had as a child; I can no longer change my environment or even disturb it seriously. They would simply fire and forget me as soon as I tried. They would file me away.

Slocum lives in constant fear that the life in which he can find no meaning will come to an end in a meaningless bureaucratic oblivion, and he spends his working life fearing and distrusting his associates.

In the office in which I work there are five people of whom I'm afraid. Each of these five people is afraid of four people (excluding overlaps), for a total of twenty, and each of these twenty people is afraid of six people, making a total of one hundred and twenty people who are feared by at least one person. . . .

At home Slocum fears and distrusts his family, although he also loves them in his way, particularly his older son, to whom he is certain something terrible will happen. The younger son is mentally retarded, and Slocum hates him for having been born. Slocum's wife is attractive and intelligent but bored and without a sense of meaning in her life. She has begun to drink in the afternoons and to flirt at parties. She undoubtedly wishes she could have an affair, but Slocum hopes she will not. All they have together is good sex, and for this to continue, he has to be able to preserve the illusion that her sexuality belongs exclusively to him. His teenage daughter is surly and resentful and devotes herself to attacking her parents because she believes they do not love her. Actually, Slocum hates her much of the time, and his vision of the pattern of her future life is a malicious but brilliant sociological prognostication.

She will drink whiskey for a while . . . then stop; then start in again after she's been married several years and drink whiskey regularly from then on. . . . She will have two children or three and be divorced . . . and she will marry a second time if she and the children are still young when the first marriage breaks up. She will smoke marijuana . . . if she isn't doing so already. . . . She will get laid. . . . She will go wild for a while (and think she is free), have all-night revels and bull sessions, complain about her teachers and curriculum requirements, have no interest in any of her academic subjects but get passing grades in all with very little work. . . . She will experiment with pep pills (ups), barbiturates (downs), mescaline, and LSD, if LSD remains in vogue; she will have group sex (at least once), homosexual sex (at least once, and at least once more with a male present as a spectator and participant), be friendly with fags, poets, snobs, nihilists, and megalomaniacs, dress like other girls, have abortions, . . . and sleep, for a while, with Negroes, even though she will probably enjoy none of it, and might really not want to do *any* of it. (She is a strong-minded girl who is far too weak to withstand a popular trend.) . . . She will emerge, if she is lucky, from this period of wanton profligacy and determined self-expression . . . feeling tense, worthless, spent, and remorseful, having searched everywhere and found nothing, with no ego at all, and pine for just one good, stable, interesting man to marry . . . and live happily ever after with.

Slocum foresees a future of decay or catastrophe for each of his children, and in the case of his older son, his prophecy comes true. The boy, who has a hypersensitivity to the potential hazards of life at least equal to Slocum's, is struck by a car, and Slocum finds him lying on the sidewalk, apparently gravely injured, "screaming in agony and horror, with legs and arms twisted brokenly and streams of blood spurting from holes in

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his face and head and pouring down over one hand from inside his sleeve." He is dying, Slocum believes. "He looks beggingly at me for help. His screams are piercing. I can't bear to see him suffering such agony and fright. I have to do something. I hug his face deeper into the crook of my shoulder. I hug him tightly with both my arms. I squeeze." "Death," says the doctor, "was due to asphyxiation. The boy was smothered." His wounds were superficial. Even his spleen was intact. Something terrible has at last happened. Slocum himself has made it happen, and it seems certain now that nothing will happen to him ever again.

AT SOME POINT in this remarkable and profoundly disturbing narrative, personal and social history come together and Slocum takes on a representational dimension. It is characteristic of him that he should be aware of the impossibility of separating what is happening to him from what is happening to the world. "Is this schizophrenia," he asks himself, "or merely a normal, natural, typical, wholesome, logical, universal schizoid formation?" His sensitivity to the disintegrative forces at work in our time is so extravagant that it brings him dangerously close to madness. Yet the violence of his response is made to seem entirely plausible in the circumstances and may well serve as a measure of the inability of most of us to respond as intensely as we should.

Heller has confronted, with an authenticity few writers possess, some of the most unpleasant truths about our situation at this time, and he has dramatized a crisis that is manifest in far more ominous ways than in shortages of fuel and natural resources, a failing economy, and the spoliation of our physical environment. In so doing, he has created a darkened, demonic, perhaps partly hallucinated fictive portrait of contemporary America, but one that has at the same time a disquieting verisimilitude. We hear from everywhere that we have fallen away from some large conception we once had of ourselves, a conception that gave meaning to the past and promise to the future and made the present endurable. Something happened. Heller does not attempt to tell us what. Like most major artists, he is an adversary force, offering no comfort whatever and recognizing no obligation except to honor his subversive vision of the truth. □

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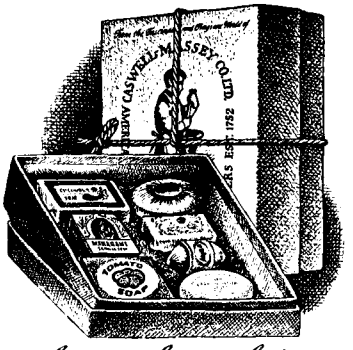

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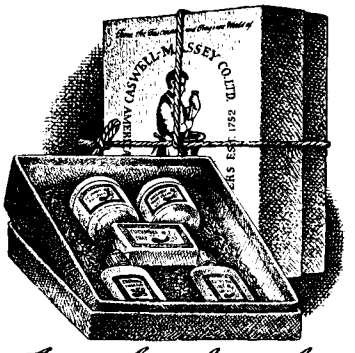

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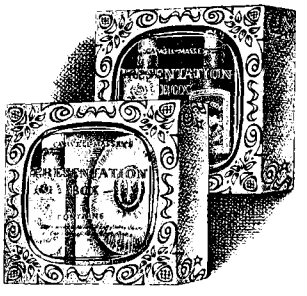

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Dreams of Glory, Urban Nightmare

The Power Broker: Robert Moses and the Fall of New York
by Robert A. Caro
Knopf, 1,246 pp., $17.95

Reviewed by Anthony Wolff

The civics we got in school was as boring as it was inaccurate, but now that we've had a glimpse of how power *really* works in our democracy, we can't seem to get enough of it. The hot books these days are not soft-core porn but hard-core civics; power is the new all-American aphrodisiac. We've had the Pentagon papers, the Watergate documents, *The Best and the Brightest,* and *All the President's Men.* But this book, *The Power Broker: Robert Moses and the Fall of New York,* is certainly the biggest and arguably the best yet, a feast to satisfy even the most prurient interest.

Word of the book's bulk preceded it like the shock wave of a 747. Robert Caro has a prodigious, awe-inspiring talent for his trade: the book runs to 600,000 words, give or take an ordinary book's worth, and the scuttlebutt is that 400,000 more were lost on the cutting-room floor. There's something here for every taste, including biography aplenty —of Moses in the round, of course; but also, in lesser relief, of hundreds of major and minor figures whose careers coincided and collided with his; and of New York City itself during the decades when Moses was its master builder and political gray eminence.

And more: Moses the power broker serves Caro as the vehicle for an inquiry into the uses and abuses of power in our system and the effects of power on those who have it and those who don't. On Moses the master builder Caro pins a critique of the kind of planning Moses imposed on New York, and he fixes on Moses the blame for the mess cities are in today.

And still more: there are high finance and low politics, great enterprises and dirty tricks, merchant princes and robber barons. By the page or by the pound —1,246 pages, four and one-half pounds —this one is worth half a dozen good books. At only $17.95, it's a bargain.

More's the pity this book wasn't around when we really needed it—that is, before Robert Moses had come and gone, leaving in his wake a swath of concrete and a city much the better and much the worse for his passage.

In the postwar Forties and early Fifties, growing up in Washington Heights at the northern end of Manhattan Island overlooking the Hudson, we knew who Robert Moses was before we knew his name. He was the old man who hated kids, who had run the West Side Highway like a minefield between us and the beautiful, polluted water that beckoned beneath our windows. He was the man who had decreed we should risk our lives against three lanes of traffic speeding north, then three southbound, to reach the stingy margin of green he had left along the riverbank. We didn't need a Jane Jacobs or Lewis Mumford to tell us that Moses liked cars better than people.

But for most of the more than 40 years of his ascendancy, Moses made himself almost as immune to criticism as he was contemptuous of it. At the height of his power, to speak ill of Moses was next to treason, for Moses was the Prime Mover, the man—it seemed the *only* man—who could get things done in a city paralyzed by bureaucracy and bickering. Opposition to what Moses proposed or the way Moses disposed was drowned out in the applause from press and public alike.

Although he was never elected to office, he held 12 city and state titles at the same time. Candidates campaigned on the promise to appoint and reappoint him, and his frequent threats to resign were enough to bring his elected superiors to heel. Even his critics seldom failed to accord Moses the homage true democrats reserve for dictators who build *autobahnen* or make the trains run on time. And if Moses's methods were autocratic and his manner imperious, these were tolerated and even applauded as attributes becoming a Caesar.

In return for his power, there was no end to the good works this pluperfect public servant bestowed on a grateful New York. For an oppressed *bourgeoisie* he built parks and playgrounds by the hundreds, zoos, beaches and swimming pools, ball fields, golf courses, riding trails, tennis courts, and more. He built enough apartments to house several smaller cities and upstate dams and power plants to generate electricity. But most of all, for a population in thrall to the automobile he built roads, hundreds of miles of parkways, highways, expressways, carrying them across the water on great, poetic bridges.

By the time it became first possible then popular to question Moses's accomplishments—even after his name had become a catchword for simplistic, brutal city planning—few could fully grasp the extent of his accomplishments or fully gauge their impact on the physical and social fabric of the city. Certainly no one fully appreciated the lengths to which Moses had gone to achieve his ends. As for Moses himself, he answered for neither his ends nor his means, to neither his admirers nor his critics. Even now that it is all over and Moses, in his mid-80's, has been forced into bitter retirement, he does not deign

Anthony Wolff, author of SR/W*'s "World Progress Report," has recently written* Unreal Estate, *about land-sales frauds.*

Hans Wolfgang Schumann

BUDDHISM

A NEW OUTLINE OF ITS TEACHINGS AND SCHOOLS

■ DR. SCHUMANN, German Indologist and diplomat, has returned to Pali and Sanskrit sources for this new guide through the vast field of Buddhist literature. He separates the three mainstreams of Buddhism and shows, contrary to modern simplifiers, how the three differ in ideas and in ideals. The teachings are then summarized. *Buddhism* is arranged both for general reading and for reference. 200pp. Cloth $7.95. Paper $2.45. *Just published.*

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to justify himself. He sees no need to account for his actions and is convinced that his record in steel and concrete is all we need to know and that it will ultimately prove he knew best.

Moses spent 44 years building his own monument; Caro spent seven to bring it down. Caro sees the measure of Moses's achievements as the measure of his iniquity. Caro's Moses is afflicted with original sin, infected in his very genes with a primal arrogance that craves power more than love or money. If there are no limits to Moses's engineering visions, neither are there any scruples to inhibit their realization. If he cannot manipulate the law to achieve his purposes, he flouts it. If he cannot charm his opponents, he bullies or hoodwinks them. He brutalizes the poor and appeases the powerful. He stops at nothing to get his things done his way.

And when he is not exercising his power on monumental public works, he spends it unstintingly on monumental meanness, bigotry, and just plain pique. He lowers the temperature in public swimming pools, in the bizarre belief that blacks can't tolerate cold water; lowers the clearance of overpasses across public parkways, to block the buses that might otherwise transport urban poor people out to public beaches and parks; even hounds his own brother —whom he never acknowledges publicly—into poverty and emotional collapse to settle some ancient, secret grudge. If there were not a real Robert Moses, Caro would deserve credit for creating a fiction of mythic proportions, a masterful proof of the proposition that power corrupts.

In the face of such an achievement, it seems almost niggling to insist that there *is* a real Moses, to suggest that while he certainly was a giant among men, he was probably more human than either he or Caro would like to admit. To insist, as Caro does, that Moses was the devil incarnate is to give lefthanded endorsement to Moses's own conceit; and to credit Moses with being the sole author of all our urban nightmares is to make us as blind as Moses to the systemic nature of our problems.

It's a matter of degree: Caro has more than enough evidence, both hard and indirect, to indict Moses for a whole catalogue of mischief and mayhem—as a powerful troublemaker, a benighted social planner, and a perfect s.o.b. besides —without insisting that he was the fallen archangel. But Caro is singleminded—one is tempted to say as singleminded as Moses himself—in his vision of a hero of Aristotelian stature. Moses's sin is *hubris*, and Caro finds it everywhere, calls it by name, and builds his case clause on top of clause until sometimes the language itself gives way. For the enthralled reader, it's a bit like sitting through an ancient Greek drama festival during Tragedy Week.

MOSES HIMSELF, now 86 and, according to Caro, still plotting his return to power, lacks both the time and the temperament to answer Caro's massive indictment. His only rejoinder to the book so far has been a characteristically haughty broadside that ignores the issues: Caro and any other critics, past, present, or future are, Moses says, "keyhole snoopers, dirt dishers, gossips, and embittered bums trying to get hunk [sic] on someone they dislike"; or, in a mellower vein: "left wingers, fanatical environmentalists and seasonal Walden Ponders."

Still, Moses will have the last word. For better or for worse, his works will

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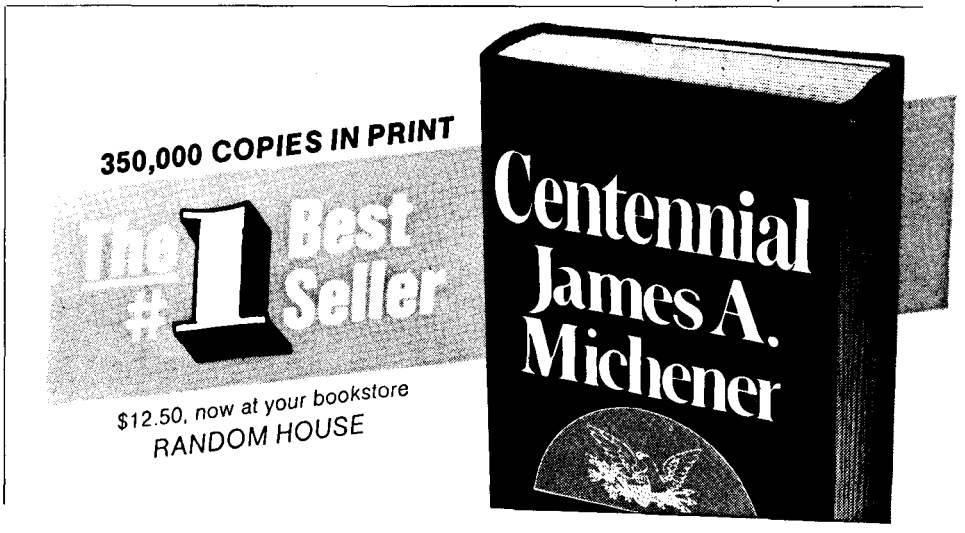
WIT TWISTER NO. 32
Edited by Arthur Swan

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word. Answers on page 56.

The ___ ___ ___ ___ ___, in some people's creed,
Is only fit the ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ to feed.
I must ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ this as untrue;
Such food is fit for humans, too!

Contributed by Mrs. Harold Myers, Massarosa, Italy



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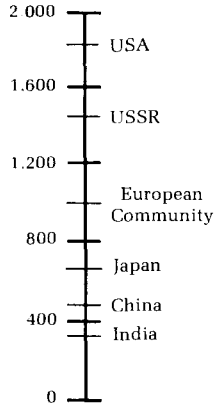
(not to mention your own)

Per Capita Grain Consumption/Yr., Pounds



Source: Overseas Development Council

At a time of critical world food shortage, we have a national scandal of overeating, obesity and wasted food.

The average American demands *three times* the amount of grain available for the average person on Earth and *five times* that available for most Southeast Asians. Direct consumption of grain (as bread, pasta, etc.) accounts for only one-tenth of the U.S. demand. The rest goes as feed to produce the beef, pork, chicken, eggs and dairy products we favor. Our livestock are fed more grain than is consumed by the 600 million people of India, for most of whom grain is the dietary staple.

A modest reduction in our demand for livestock products could increase grain available to build world food reserves, to aid famine-stricken people, and to reduce food costs for low-income consumers. Moreover, the American Heart Association says most of us eat too much fatty meat for our own health.

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outlive us all and generations to come. Meanwhile, New York City's West Side Highway, his first vision, is fallen into disrepair; for this Ozymandias, too, immortality is a matter of maintenance. There is widespread feeling that now that Moses is gone, his original plan should be abandoned and the highway rebuilt in some different, better way. But half a dozen interested factions—citizens' groups, planners, government officials—are bickering endlessly over half a dozen alternative plans while the road crumbles. With Moses gone, there's apparently no one else who can get things done. □

New Books

The Abbess of Crewe: A Modern Morality Tale

by Muriel Spark
Viking, 160 pp., $6.95

Muriel Spark's latest book is a spare and elegant little fable about intrigue and corruption at the Abbey of Crewe—a Benedictine convent located in the south of England. The aristocratic Alexandra, lady abbess of Crewe, is an absolutist and conservative ruler who keeps track of the goings-on in her tiny "kingdom" through electronic surveillance. She has assured her election as abbess through an underhanded scheme that discredits her only rival—a Sister Felicity, who has engaged in amorous association with a Jesuit priest, and preached subversively of "freedom" and "love" to her fellow nuns. Following her defeat, Felicity takes her suspicions about Alexandra's chicanery to the news media; the abbey is plunged into national scandal, and the serenely arrogant Alexandra is called to account by her superiors in Rome. As *The Abbess of Crewe* closes, Alexandra, supremely confident that she can weather the crisis by muddling the hard and mounting evidence against her, is journeying toward a confrontation with her inquisitors at the Vatican.

Although the parallels between the fictive world created in Miss Spark's narrative and the very real happenings in Richard Nixon's Washington, D.C., are underlined, they are not belabored. Actually, though the book's plot most closely involves the political maneuverings of its main character and her top aides, the most interesting questions raised in *The Abbess of Crewe* are not merely political, but complex and moral ones. The abbess's motives are not self-serving in any crude or obvious way; her corruption is of a piece with the morally ambiguous climate in which she operates. If there is a "villain" in this "modern morality tale" it is defined as a historical process that has obscured the nature of good and evil and, hence, undermined the possibilities for ethical action of any description. *The Abbess of Crewe* has the closely woven texture and the structural coherence of good poetry; it is executed with a subtlety and intelligence that safe-

(*Continued on page 28.*)

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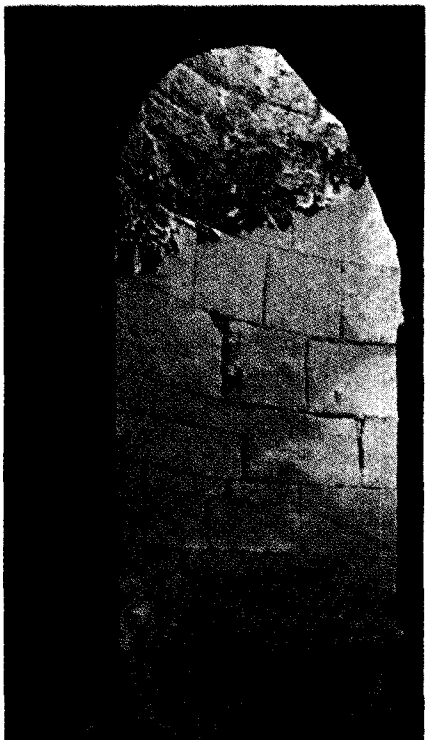

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Henry VIII. Anne Boleyn, the second of his six wives, laughed when he sentenced her to be beheaded in the Tower, along with her five alleged lovers. She couldn't believe he was serious. He was.

Charles I. He kissed his children goodby, forgave his executioner, and tucked his long hair up under his cap so it would not deflect the axe. Cromwell called his death "a cruel necessity."

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Walk with the boy-king, Richard II. Stand fast with him as he faces an army of 100,000 rebels on Tower Hill and refuses to surrender his jeweled sword to their leader, Wat Tyler.

Tyler was executed on the spot. Then Richard rode forth, alone, into the howling mob and, in a child's voice, commanded the rebels to go home. And they did.

Walk with King Henry VI, a gentle and retiring man who doesn't even want to be King. He is caught in a power struggle between his headstrong son and the sensual, violent Duke of York.

Arrested by the Duke's men, Henry was brought as a prisoner to the Tower with his golden spurs struck off and his feet bound under his horse by leather thongs. When his son was killed in battle and only he stood between the Duke and the throne, Henry was murdered in his cell as he knelt, praying.

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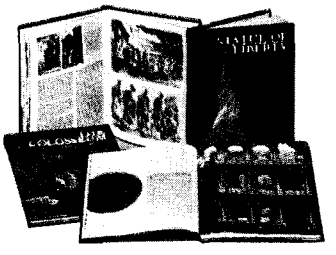

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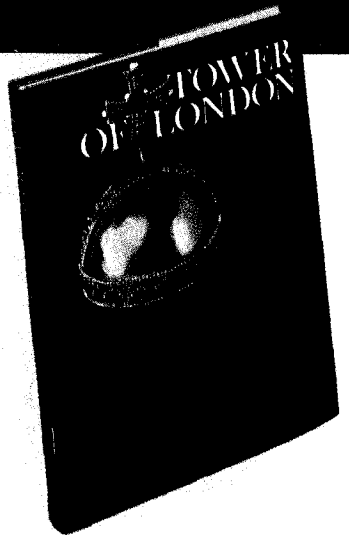

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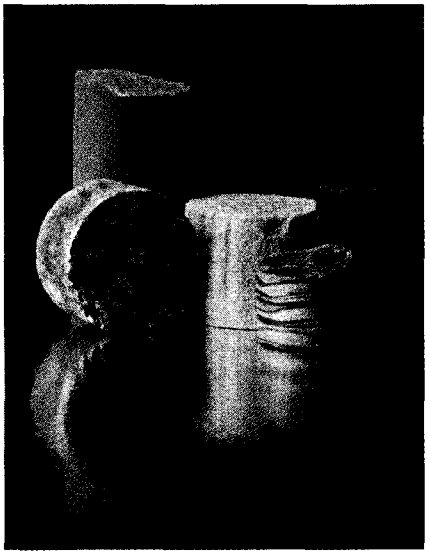
More oil from

How Exxon is squeezing additional oil out of a 55-year-old field.

A popular myth has it that oil is found in large underground lakes or pools. Actually, when oil and natural gas are discovered they are inside sedimentary rock. They are trapped in the tiny pores of limestone or sandstone as far as five miles underground.

Usually, when a well is drilled into oil-saturated rock, natural underground pressures force the oil to *flow through the rock* to the well and then to the surface.

However, in many oil fields these natural pressures are not strong enough to move the oil to the well. Or, over time, they may have diminished to the point where they must be supplemented by additional pressure. This additional pressure is provided by "secondary recovery" methods.



Sample drilling cores taken from oil-saturated rock formations in Alaska, Texas and Saudi Arabia. Oil and gas must come from and flow through rock like this before they reach the well bore.

Forcing water deep into the oil-bearing rock.
The most widespread secondary recovery method in use throughout the oil industry is *waterflooding,* which was introduced over 30 years ago. Water is pumped into the oil-bearing rock to flush out more of the oil than would be produced by natural, or primary forces.

On the average, natural pressures move only about 15-20% of a field's oil from the underground rock up to the surface. By using secondary recovery technology, the final yield can be increased to an average of about 35%.

The Hewitt Field—a case in point.
The Hewitt oil field, discovered in 1919, near Ardmore, Oklahoma, is operated by Exxon and several other companies. Originally, this field produced nearly 30 thousand barrels of oil a day. However, the depletion of natural underground pressures gradually reduced Hewitt's production to the point where the field needed waterflooding.

In 1969, Exxon and other owners began a cooperative secondary recovery waterflood project, which has since cost about $20 million.

Engineers now estimate that the Hewitt field ultimately will produce 35% of the original oil in place. Without the use of waterflooding, total recovery had been estimated at only 20%.

Sometimes, but not at Hewitt, natural gas is injected instead of water. However, the efficiency of waterflooding usually makes it more attractive.

An experiment using heat and subterranean "detergents."
Even after an oil field is subjected to secondary recovery techniques, such as water and gas injection, a large percentage of the oil still remains locked in the pores of the rock. So for many years, Exxon has been experimenting with tertiary recovery methods designed to recover more of this oil.

In one experimental process, a "detergent" or surfactant is pumped into the rock. This agent works like a laundry detergent that removes oil from a shirt—it flushes out the droplets of oil which still remain in the pores of the rock. In some cases, particularly where the oil is thicker, sometimes nearly the consistency of molasses, steam injection also is being tested. The hot steam heats the oil, making it flow more freely.

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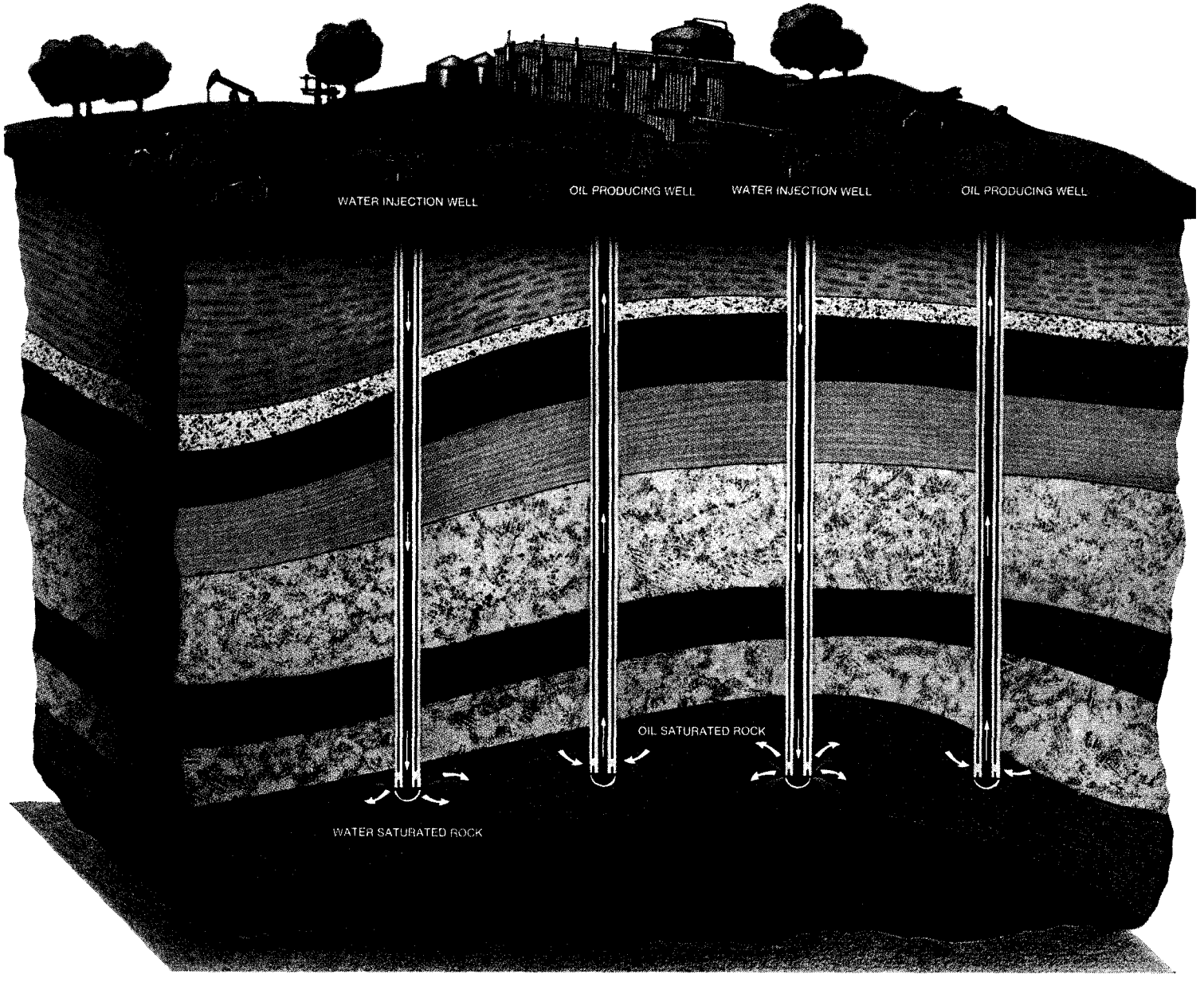
old wells.



Artist's conception of the Hewitt oil field located near Ardmore, Oklahoma. Large quantities of water are being injected into the oil-saturated rock to significantly increase the oil production.

In perhaps the most dramatic oil-recovery technique, air is injected into the rock formation holding the oil. This injected air supports controlled underground combustion, which heats the oil, causes it to flow more readily and drives it to the well.

In addition, Exxon is testing and evaluating several other tertiary techniques.

A realistic look at the future.

To date, about 450 billion barrels of oil have been found and documented in the United States. Even after additional recovery efforts, like the waterflooding at Hewitt, are applied, some 300 billion barrels of this oil will still remain locked in the pores of rock. Today, there is no way to recover all of this oil.

But scientists believe that experimental "tertiary" techniques like "detergents" and combustion, could someday produce a significant amount of additional oil which America will need in the years ahead.

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(Continued from page 24.)

guard against the tones of complacent moralizing that might very easily have spoiled the articulation of the book's themes.

JANE LARKIN CRAIN

•

"I Am Not a Crook"
by Art Buchwald
Putnam, 250 pp., $6.95

"I Am Not a Crook" is a collection of more than 100 of the newspaper columns Art Buchwald has done over the past year or so. It contains a number of pieces on the "energy crisis" and related matters, but, as one might expect, most of the book is devoted in one way or another to the sundry scandals of Watergate. Much of Mr. Buchwald's topical humor has not aged especially well. Even at a short remove, for example, his extended jokes about Rose Mary Woods or the remark Charles Colson supposedly made about being willing to run over his grandmother if it would aid the cause of Richard Nixon's re-election seems somewhat labored and stale. Moreover, his commentary on the various goings-on in the Nixon White House is not unmarred by the kind of self-righteous indignation that has characterized so much of everything else that has been written and said on the same subjects. Too, the columns tend frequently to repeat themselves, and one receives the impression that Mr. Buchwald tried, at times, to milk the Watergate debacle for rather more than it was worth. Still, the pieces collected in *"I Am Not a Crook"* were not meant to be read one right after another; taken singly, they are more often than not the exercises of a broad and affable wit. Mr. Buchwald's brand of humor is not the stuff of high or sophisticated satire, but it is, nonetheless, often quite funny. His latest book will provide more than a few chuckles for even the disinterested reader; for avid Nixon haters, Watergate buffs, and Mr. Buchwald's own not inconsiderable following, it will undoubtedly prove to be a both keen and hilarious chronicle of the imbroglio that for so long enraptured the entire nation.

J.L.C.

•

The Camberwell Beauty: And Other Stories
by V. S. Pritchett
Random House, 211 pp., $6.95

V. S. Pritchett has turned a deft hand to the novel, to criticism, and even to

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travel writing, but he always outdoes himself in the short story. Few have mastered the form; even fewer can display the irony and balance evident in this fourth collection of his stories.

Pritchett's forte is creating eccentric characters and peculiar situations. "The Camberwell Beauty," the longest and by far the best story here, is about a crusty bunch of antique dealers, united by an instinctive hatred of their customers and a lust for acquisition—which very much includes the narrator's urge to possess naive Isabelle, daughter of one dealer, wife of another. In "Our Wife," a husband realizes that his chatterbox of a wife needs two men to carry the burden of her rantings; so he obligingly absorbs another man into their household.

Each of these nine stories is about the feelings and forces, exquisitely mixed, that bind men and women: exasperation, contempt, intrigue, lust. There is a hint of the old codger in Pritchett's tone, and his vision of women is not an altogether happy one: they are wistful virgins or bossy mothers, bores, deadly enchantresses, nitpickers. They encounter, rather than interact with, men. When they are young, they become infatuated ("The Lady From Guatemala"); when they are old, as in "The Spree," men are for them just ships that pass in the night. In Pritchett's stories, nothing is ever quite resolved; indeed, having come full circle, his situations seem to dissolve at the very place where they began. Yet, finally, there is a sense that you have come face to face with what is abrupt and unexpected in life, a pleasure that lingers long after you have put the book down.

SUSAN HEATH

FRASER YOUNG
LITERARY CRYPT NO. 19

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer on page 56.

NMLSL GH IT HEAM NMGIW UH U YTSUF TS GYYTSUF QTTX. QTTHX USL CLFF CSGNNLI TS QUPFO CSGNNLI. NMUN GH UFF.

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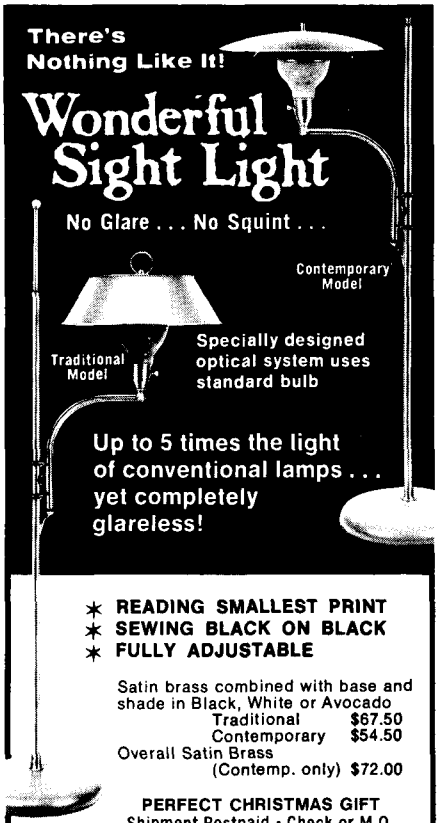
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Trade Winds

by William Cole

Penn Warren

Robert Penn Warren has won Pulitzer Prizes in both fiction and poetry, for *All the King's Men* and *Promises*. Among other prizes heaped on his ginger head (he's known among friends as "Red" Warren) are a National Book Award, a Bollingen Prize, and membership in the august Academy of American Letters. Withal (a word I've never dared before) he's a true southern gentleman, modest and courteous to all, and reputedly one of the great teachers. His newest book, *Or Else: Poem/Poems 1968–1973* (that's how it's put), will be published by Random House on October 28 ($6.95). It's difficult to find a poem to reproduce here—he writes long—but here's one that struck me called "Small White House":

The sun of July beats down on the small white house.
The pasture is brown-bright as brass, and like brass, sings with heat.
Halt! And I stand here, hills shudder, withdraw into distance,
Like paranoia. And a child's cry comes from the house.

Tell me, oh, where, in what state, did I see the small white house,
Which I see in my mind?—And the waxwing's beak slices the blue cedar-berry,
Which is as blue as distance. The river, far off, shrinks
Among the hot boulders, no glister, looks dead as a discarded snake-skin rubbed off on stone. The house

Swims in that dazzle of no-Time. The child's cry comes from the house.

Campy

Gore Vidal's new one is ever-so-clever and campy: *Myron* (Random House, November, $6.95). It is, of course, a sequel to *Myra Breckinridge*, and like any sequel, it's no equal. Myra, reborn, finds herself sharing the same body as a chap named Myron, a dull cove by her lights, and, through circumstances too ludicrous to mention, is transported back to a studio lot in 1938, where the movie being shot is *Siren of Babylon*, starring Bruce Cabot and Maria Montez. Vidal's obsession, overpopulation, comes up on every other page, and he indulges in his distaste for, among other things, Bertolucci and "the dread Peckinpah." There's a peculiar use of the word *jilled* for something said by a female. He uses it at least 10 times. A new one to me. And there are the expected bitchy remarks: he calls Judy Garland an Irish spitfire, but "unfortunately, she had no neck; otherwise, she was every inch a star." He has a deucedly ingenious way of handling four-letter words:

In this novel I have replaced the missing bad words with some very good words indeed: the names of the justices who concurred in the Court's majority decision. Burger, Rehnquist, Powell, Whizzer White and Blackmun fill, as it were, the breach; their names replace the "bad" or "dirty" words. I have also appropriated the names of Father Morton Hill, S.J., and Mr. Edward Keating, two well-known warriors in the battle against smut. I believe that these substitutions are not only socially edifying and redemptive but tend to revitalize a language gone stale and inexact from too much burgering around with meaning.

S.O.B.

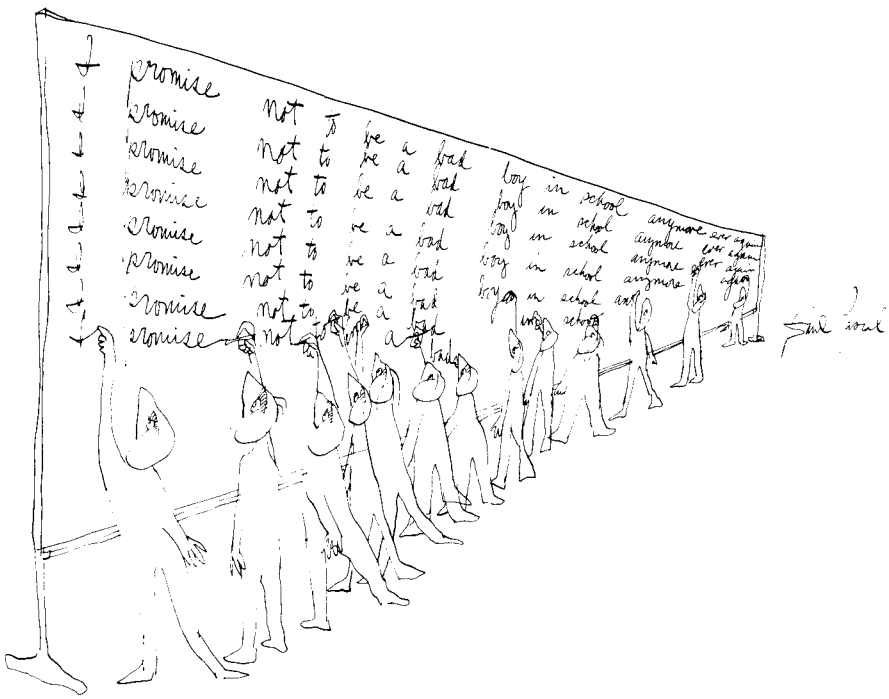
Elliott Erwitt's concisely titled *Son of Bitch* (Grossman/Viking, October 11, $15.00 cloth, $5.95 paper) shows this fine photographer's penchant for shooting dogs—with a camera, of course. Dogs are natural clowns, but do they have a sense of humor? P. G. Wodehouse takes this point up in his introduction:

The question of whether dogs have a sense of humor is often hotly debated, and I should like to take it up with Mr. Erwitt next time he has a moment. My own opinion is that some have and some don't. Dachshunds have, but not St. Bernards and Great Danes. It would seem that a dog has to be small to be fond of a joke. You never find an Irish Wolfhound trying to be a stand-up comic.

But it is fatal to let any dog know that he is funny, for he immediately loses his head and starts hamming it up. As an instance of this I would point to Rudolph, a Dachshund I once owned, whose slogan was Anything for a laugh. Dachshunds are always the worst offenders in this respect because of their peculiar shape. It is only natural that when a dog finds that his mere appearance makes the viewing public giggle, he should assume that Nature intended him for a comedian's role.

Be a Sport

Publishers pray (and pay) for good ideas. Paddington Press/Two Continents has had one and executed it admirably. *Rules of the Game*, billed as "by the Diagram Group" (October 15, $14.95), will make sports nuts happy. Clearly written and illustrated, it teaches us how to play over 150 sports—not just baseball, cricket, football, tennis, and all the biggies, but shinty, bandy, and korfball as well. There's orienteering, which should be called Get Lost, because you are thrown into the wilderness with a compass. I'm amused to see that track and field rules state that "competitors may compete in bare feet, or with shoes on one or both feet." Problem: in boxing, weight categories are given in kilograms. Tell me that a heavyweight boxer is one who weighs over 80.739, and I'll tell you that the book originated in England. □



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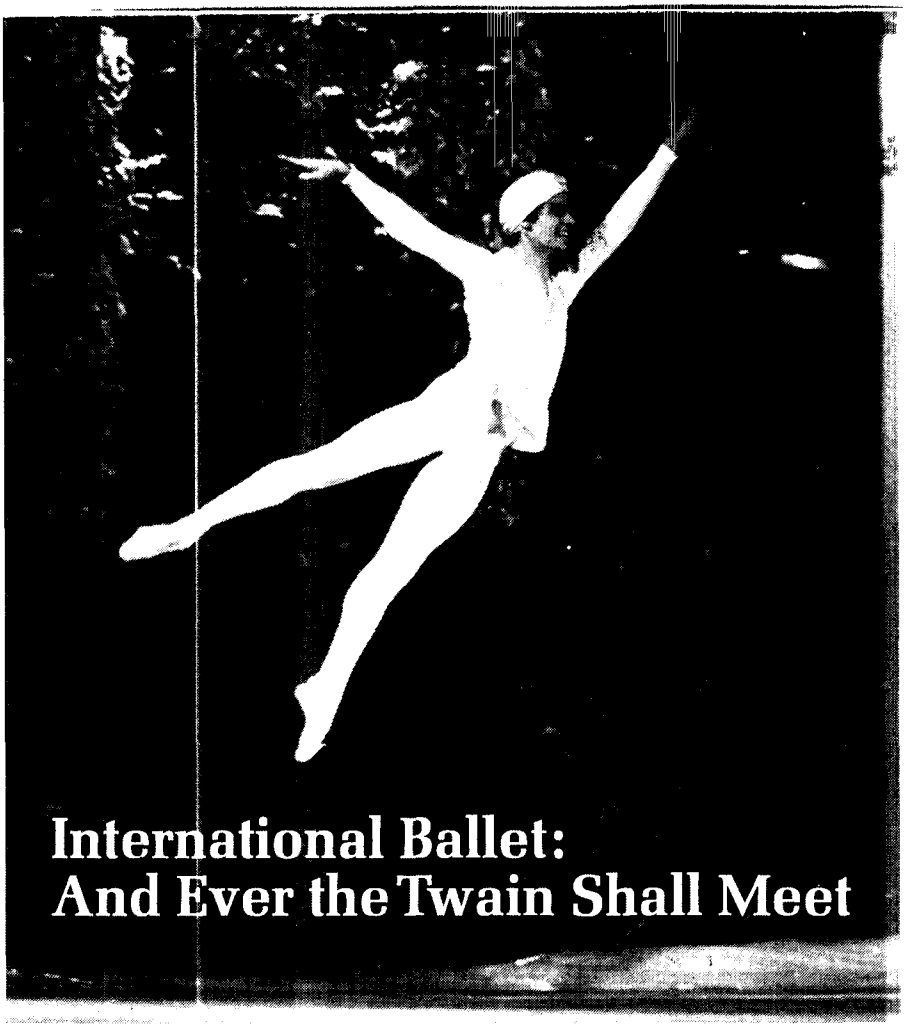
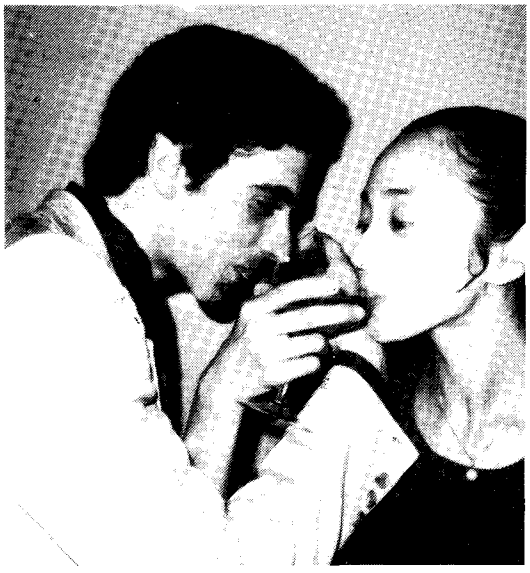


Dance

◀ *America's Fernando Bujones, the first to win a gold medal for the U.S. at the world-famous ballet competition.*

Photographs: Randolph Swartz

▼ *East and West: Bujones and Japan's gold-medal ballerina, Yoko Morishita, toast each other at winners' gala.*



International Ballet: And Ever the Twain Shall Meet

by Walter Terry

Varna, Bulgaria

Competition without conflict. That has been the pattern here in a stylishly new resort area built upon a site inhabited by man almost from his very beginnings, a place where petty tribes, savage hordes, and modern armies have spilled blood for possession of this port on the Black Sea. Here, in the summer of 1974, were gathered intensely competitive would-be conquerors from empires and kingdoms, from capitalist republics and Socialist states. And the only blood that was shed was caused by a splinter in a floor.

The contestants were dancers from all over the world, assembled to take part in the Seventh International Ballet Competition, the most prestigious of dance competitions, celebrating its tenth anniversary (it was annual and now is biennial, hence the discrepancy in years). It is even, in the world of dance, more important than the newer Moscow Competition, despite the fact that Moscow is the home of the celebrated Bolshoi Ballet and that practically no one has seen the Bulgarian state ballets. I daresay that most dancers have never heard of Sofia, the Bulgarian capital, but if one says *Varna* to them, it means "ballet."

This year, 115 contestants, ranging in age from 14 to 28 and representing 19 countries, were watched and graded during a three-week period by a board of 20 international jurors (I represented the United States). For the first time in the history of this competition, an American won a gold medal. In addition, a special citation "for high technical skill," never before awarded, was created especially to do honor to this 19-year-old boy of Cuban descent, Fernando Bujones, a soloist with the American Ballet Theater and, as a child ballet student, a product of both the School of American Ballet and of Cuba's matchless superballerina, Alicia Alonso (herself American-trained).

THE PEACEFUL competitiveness prevailed throughout. A war broke out between Greece and Turkey while we were in Varna, but there were no skirmishes on the shores of the Black Sea by the jurors or the dancers from those two lands. Ah, yes, there were hot disagreements: "His *jeté* looked forced to me." "It did? Not to me; it was her *failli* that nearly failed." "Yes, I agree she did do 32 *fouettés,* but how did she do them? Really!" And so it went, with multilingual interpreters working at top speed, not only for Greeks and Turks but also for East Germans and West Germans, Russians and Finns, Egyptians and Japanese, and even within the ranks of the same nationality. My God! You don't let a dancer get away with doing a Bournonville variation in Petipa style, do you? And surely you can tell the difference between real Béjart or Robbins and the imitations?

If such technicalities seem trivial, let me say that what they engendered was far deeper, for disagreement turned into discussion and discussion led to concord. Have we discovered a better way for people to get along?

Some, in the arts, will question the wisdom of combining art enterprise with competition. And, indeed, there is a deep danger in exploiting dance only for physical prowess (*SR/W*, September 7, 1974), but a ballet competition such as this great one held at Varna goes far

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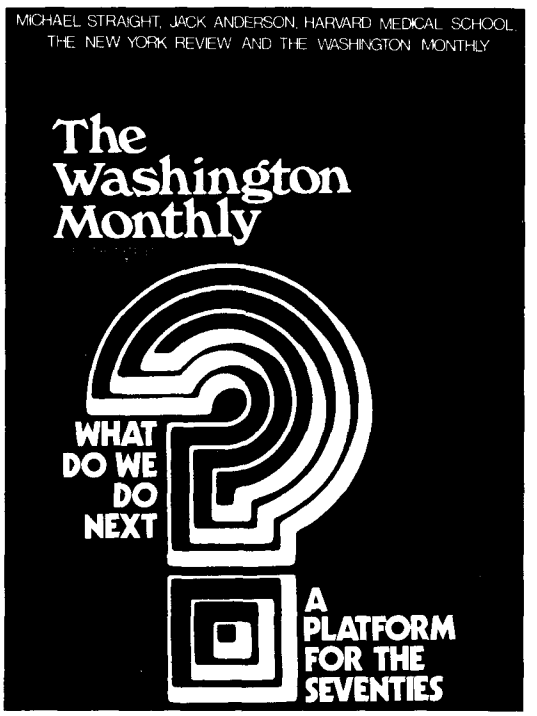
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deeper. It brings together in studios, rehearsal halls, and on the stage before enthusiastic but critical audiences a variety of approaches, styles, national and personal differences—all within the framework of a dance art that is not ethnic but international. The contestant may rival his fellows, but he learns from them.

Furthermore, although the jurors required translators, the dancers did not. Communication was easy. The vocabulary of classical ballet (French) is universal. A Mongolian (yes, they were there) could take a lesson from a Yugoslav teacher and never fail to understand everything that went on for an hour and a half. Bodies in themselves, trained bodies, are eloquent, and dancers of many heritages communicate with no trouble at all in the language, muscular as well as verbal, of ballet.

THE JURORS, admittedly, needed help in making their opinions clearly understood, although at one time or another each of us would rise from the conference table to illustrate a point with *port-de-bras* or even (using frantic fingers) *fouettés*. Anton Dolin (born Patrick Healey-Kay), the great British *premier danseur* of an earlier generation, got so carried away at one all-night conference that he delivered an impassioned statement of judgment in French, on behalf of the United Kingdom, and had to have his words translated back into English via Bulgarian!

There were, behind the scenes in the jurors' conferences, heated but never angry discussions, and each of us, though proud of and hopeful for the representatives from his own country, were at all times dedicated to the highest standards of ballet. It brought to mind that classic remark by Martha Graham: "A foot is pointed or it is not." And at Varna, if an American, a Bulgar, or a Cuban made a mistake, it was so recorded right along with the pluses. Our chairman was Yuri Grigorovich, Peoples' Artist of the U.S.S.R., ballet master of the Bolshoi Theater, and, very probably, Russia's best contemporary choreographer.

Grigorovich was a superb chairman. His wit and his charm eased tensions, his taste in ballet matters was impeccable, and his fairness to all was absolutely unassailable. Sometimes, he kept us up all night considering and reconsidering ratings in which, perhaps, someone had lost

(Continued on page 40.)

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World Environment Newsletter

PREPARED BY PHILIP W. QUIGG FOR THE INTERNATIONAL INSTITUTE FOR ENVIRONMENT AND DEVELOPMENT
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The Law of the Sea Conference Goes Aground

From our special correspondent in Caracas

The Caracas segment of the Third U.N. Law of the Sea Conference concluded without decision on any of the substantive matters facing the international community with respect to the uses of the ocean, the development of its food and energy resources, and the protection of the marine environment. Although there was little serious negotiation in Caracas, at least the issues are now more sharply defined and the organizational work advanced. Sets of alternative treaty articles were prepared for nearly every agenda item, reflecting for the first time in concrete form the diversity of national positions. Such work is, of course, necessary for the successful negotiation of any treaty, but most observers felt that the six years of preparatory work by the U.N. Seabed Committee had laid a sufficient foundation for negotiations to begin in earnest at Caracas. Such was not the case, however, and now hopes rest on an eight-week meeting in Geneva next spring.

The basic framework of an agreement has been clear for some time: extended jurisdiction by coastal states over living and non-living resources up to 200 miles off their shores; an international seabed agency to govern mining of manganese nodules and other seafloor minerals beyond the 200-mile limit; some obligation to protect the marine environment; and guarantees of free navigation beyond the territorial sea, extended to 12 miles, and a new regime to facilitate innocent passage of vessels through international straits. In attempting to flesh out this skeleton, however, the conference was immediately faced with intransigent positions by many nations on issues that they view as vital to their national economies and security.

The Exclusive Economic Zone

Agreement on a 200-mile "economic zone"—in which coastal states would have rights to all living and non-living resources—is central to any law-of-the-sea accord, even though this would gut the "common heritage of mankind" concept by placing under national control virtually all ocean resources of known value presently obtainable. The United States and the Soviet Union made significant overtures early in the session, indicating their willingness to accept the 200-mile zone provided certain conditions were met. The most important of these were freedom of navigation in the zones and through international straits and—especially in Russia's case—assured access to fishery resources off other nations' coasts. But most developing coastal nations held firm to their position that they should have absolute control over all activities in the zone.

A significant factor in reaching agreement may rest with the U.S. Congress. Senators Muskie and Stevens made plain at the conference that if no progress was made toward international agreement at Caracas, they would push in Congress for an exclusive fishing zone of 200 miles off U.S. shores. They might well succeed, though whether President Ford would allow the measure to become law prior to the Geneva rematch is uncertain. Several other nations are contemplating similar steps to protect their fishing industries. Unilateral action of this kind would almost certainly scuttle the slim remaining chances of reaching international agreement. Yet some participants in the negotiations feel the chances of success are so small now as to be not worth risking further depletion of their coastal fish stocks. If Geneva fails to produce a law-of-the-sea agreement, the United States will almost surely join the "200-mile club" before the end of 1975.

Environmental Protection

In the quest for economic and security benefits from the sea, protection of the marine environment was an also-ran at Caracas. Although in principle nations support the idea that the oceans should not be allowed to degenerate to the point where they are no longer useful to mankind, developing nations resist specific implementation measures.

Many developing states perceive environmental protection as a threat to their economic development. They advocate a double standard whereby they would be held to less strict requirements for environmental protection than would the developed nations with their greater economic capacities and generally higher levels of marine pollution. Obviously, this runs counter to the concept of the ocean as the major element in a unitary biosphere.

Typical of the watering-down attempts by developing nations were proposals to limit a general obligation to protect the marine environment by such qualifying language as "use of the best practicable means," "in accordance with their capabilities," and "in accordance with their national environmental policies." Practically all developing coastal states agree that responsibility for environmental protection in the 200-mile economic resource zone should rest *exclusively* with the coastal state. Management of the ma-

The Long, Hot Summer

"The international class war may have already begun." These are the words of Maurice Strong, executive director of the U.N. Environment Program, during the World Population Conference in Bucharest. If the statement was a slight hyperbole, support for his contention lay all around—in the Romanian capital and even more in Caracas, where the Law of the Sea Conference was marked by fruitless confrontation between the developed and developing worlds.

It was a bad season for internationalism and for planet earth. The modest measure of common interest discovered at the environment conference in Stockholm two years ago was obscured this summer in wrangling. Although the Population Conference was not without some achievements, the tenor of the two largest governmental conferences the world has ever seen augurs poorly for the third global congress of this year—the World Food Conference to be held in Rome next month.

Because of the totally inadequate press coverage of the 10-week Caracas meeting, we devote this issue to the Law of the Sea Conference. In the next issue we will publish a retrospective analysis of the World Population Conference.

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rine environment would thus be based on multiple, independent jurisdictions rather than on a unitary system.

In his address to the conference, Maurice Strong (executive director of UNEP) said that he was "alarmed by the tendency to consider economic resource zones as in effect equivalent to the territorial sea." Strong concluded that "if that is the outcome of this conference, important environmental and equity considerations shall have been swept aside." A group of Latin American nations objected to Strong's admonishment; the representative of Peru stated: "We consider that the executive director of UNEP has gone beyond his authority and has taken a partial attitude without foundation in taking the stand of certain powers and commenting on subjects not in his competence."

The importance of the jurisdictional issue is reflected in such still-unresolved questions as: (1) Will or can all 100-plus coastal states effectively promulgate *and enforce* pollution standards in their 200-mile zones? ((2) Might not a plethora of differing regulatory systems impose intolerable costs on the shipment of commodities by sea, thus adding to the economic woes of developing as well as developed countries? (3) Perhaps most critically, what will be the fate of environmental quality in the oceans if jurisdictional disputes over ocean resources cannot be resolved, with the result that a new law-of-the-sea treaty is not achieved?

Deep Seabed Mining

Without a treaty, mining of the seabed will sooner or later be undertaken unilaterally, and claim-staking could occur all too soon. At Caracas the technologically advanced states insisted that the seabed authority must be merely a licensing agency—much on the order of the U.S. Department of the Interior with respect to leases on the outer continental shelf—without pervasive powers. They fear control by a politically oriented body that has monopolistic powers and is dominated by the less developed nations. Many observers believe that only if the developed nations make concessions on this issue, granting the international seabed authority the power to fix prices and limit production, will the developing coastal nations reduce their demands for arbitrary powers within the 200-mile zone.

The major issues then, on which virtually no progress was made at Caracas, include:

(1) Who may exploit the manganese nodules and other seabed minerals—corporations operating under license or only a seabed authority with monopolistic powers?

(2) What will be the conditions of such exploitation? Are activities to be regulated by a detailed international "mining code" including environmental protection provisions, or will the authority simply enter into ad hoc agreements and arrangements for nodule exploitation, as it sees fit?

(3) How will the economic implications of seabed mining be handled, if at all? Is it necessary or desirable (and if so, how) to protect the prices that traditional suppliers of minerals now receive? UNCTAD studies indicate that mining of nodules may cause serious price declines, especially of copper, thus impairing the economies of developing countries that are mineral exporters.

For More Information

The environmental implications of present use and abuse of the oceans and concrete proposals for incorporating their protection in a new Law of the Sea Treaty are set forth in "Towards an Environmentally Sound Law of the Sea" by Robert M. Hallman. The 83-page booklet, with an introduction by Barbara Ward, is available from the International Institute for Environment and Development, Suite 300, 1717 Massachusetts Avenue N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036 ($1.50).

Navigation Interests

Spurred by the Department of Defense, the United States, together with the Soviet Union and several other maritime nations, made a "non-negotiable" demand for unimpeded transit through international straits, including the rights of overflight and submerged passage for nuclear submarines. Although most nations favor freedom of the seas in principle, some want to distinguish between merchant and naval vessels. With China leading the way, several countries argued that warships be required to secure advance permission from the littoral states before transiting straits. Neither faction appears able to command the two-thirds majority required to adopt a new straits regime; so it seems likely that the existing international law of "innocent passage" will be retained, giving merchant and military vessels alike the right of passage through straits and archipelagos as long as their activities are not "prejudicial to the peace, good order, or security of the coastal state."

Scientific Research

Acquisition of basic knowledge about the marine environment is fundamental to all other uses of ocean space; yet this issue has created still another impasse between developed and developing nations. The United States and other technologically advanced nations favor maximum freedom of access to ocean space for scientists. Recognizing the legitimate interests of coastal states in the resources of their economic zones, these nations expressed a willingness to require oceanographers to comply with internationally agreed standards in their research activities, including provision for participation in the research by representatives of developing coastal states and the sharing of all data obtained.

Most developing states want an outright "consent" regime, under which research in their 200-mile zone could be conducted only with express consent and subject to national regulation. The "Group of 77," which represents all the developing nations, even went so far as to suggest that the seabed-mining agency be given exclusive control over oceanographic research in the area *beyond* 200 miles.

The price of accommodation appears to be some effort on the part of the developed nations to transfer their technological expertise in oceanographic research to the less developed countries.

Several theories have been advanced to explain the "failure of Caracas." One explanation is that the size and scope of the conference have simply gone beyond the functional limit of international negotiations. A second is that no more concessions can be expected until the matter is elevated to heads of government or foreign ministers. A minority of commentators perceive deliberate obstruction of the conference by a few developing countries that believe they have more to gain by pressing the major powers to the wall than by offering concessions now.

Whatever the cause, Caracas stands now as a monument to the apparent impotence of the international community to move with reasonable diligence and rationality toward the solution of the population/resources/environment crisis. The Geneva session may well be the last hope for an orderly ocean; failure may usher in an unprecedented era of territorial imperatives in the sea—a period in which the worst aspects of nationalism may be pushed 200 miles or more into what the international community itself has defined as "the common heritage of mankind."

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Top of My Head

by Goodman Ace

The New Word

All of us want to forget Watergate. This may be a consummation devoutly wished, but I suspect that the word *Watergate* has already been so metabolized into our daily dialogue that now would seem a good time to lowercase the *w* and permit the new meaning of the word to enter the English language.

It would make a dandy transitive verb in anybody's dictionary: "watergate, *vt*, to engage in a shady business, such as entering and burglarizing a hotel, or breaking into a psychiatrist's office, and/or buying elections, or covering up, etc."

"To watergate"—it's a sturdy, stolid, stable word. Almost onomatopoetic in its meaning. It zings. It's mod. And, for a change, it's a new word that can be used in mixed company.

So let us roll out the red carpet and bid welcome to the new verb by giving it the full *amo, amas, amat* treatment. "I watergate, you watergate, he watergates, we watergate, you watergate, they watergate."

And while we're at it, let us endow it with its inalienable rights to the three tenses: "I have watergated, I am watergating, I will watergate."

Actually, many of us have at some time engaged in some minor form of petty watergating. This is not to say that we are forever breaking into psychiatrists' offices. To the contrary, most of the people I know are forever anxiously awaiting the day when they can break *out* of a psychiatrist's office.

But ever since the original Watergate Hotel incident was discovered, it has unfortunately become the fashion to use the word *watergating* to describe almost any form of suspected skulduggery. "Watergate-related" is the term the media wrongly apply to any and all newly headlined scandals. Care must be taken not to use our new verb too loosely.

As an example of what is not watergate-related, let us take the old and time-honored business of cheating a little on, and hoping the Internal Revenue people will look kindly on, a few questionable tax deductions.

FOR INSTANCE, take your last tax return. I know you wish I wouldn't, but breathes there a man with soul so dead who never to himself has said in the month of April, "I wonder if I can get away with deducting half the expense of my car for business purposes"?

He gives it the good try, and if he loses, the attempt is punishable only by his paying the extra tax, plus interest. He will not be sent to prison at Allenwood. Or to any other country club.

You may argue that the man who tried to deduct half the cost of his car as a business expense was acting against the law of the land. But there is a law that is much, much older than the law of the land. Goes way, way back. That law is the first law of nature—"self-preservation." Lions in the jungle lived by that law. Eons ago. Which was too much before Watergate to be related to it.

The man was only trying to preserve a little cash for himself in order to get food for his mate and his cubs in their split-level cave.

Even Richard Nixon, when he filed his income-tax return and took that huge deduction on his vice-presidential papers, was not acting watergatishly (hello, there, abverb!). He was simply reacting to the law of self-preservation. His accountants argued and argued with the IRS until Mr. Nixon finally told them: for God's sake pay 'em the $482,000.

More recently there was another hue and cry from the IRS when musician Skitch Henderson—composer, conductor, pianist—presented to the University of Wisconsin a gift of a musical library consisting of 1,000 musical arrangements and original compositions.

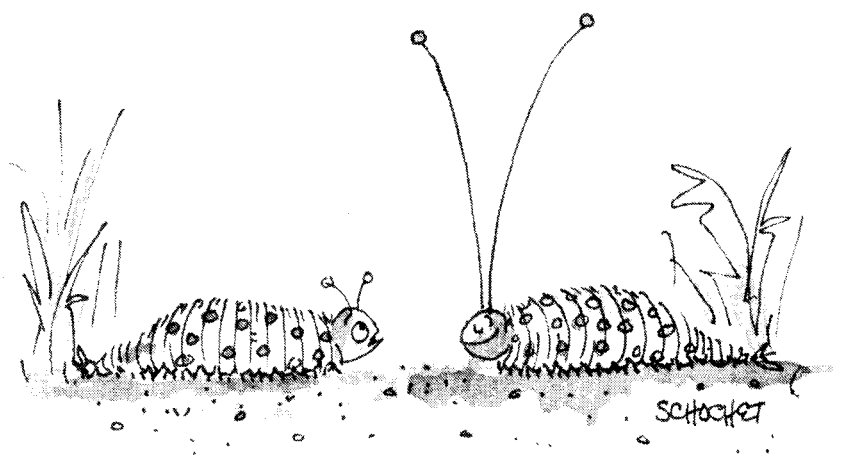
The media immediately drew a parallel between Mr. Henderson's gift and the President's. The main resemblance was that both gifts were alleged to have been backdated to a date prior to July 25, 1969, and that both deductions were in six figures—Mr. Nixon's, $576,000, and Mr. Henderson's, $350,000.

But in one detail the parallel lines began to diverge. Skitch Henderson, private citizen, was not being given the same courtesy as was Richard Nixon, President. The music critic over at Internal Revenue not only claimed Mr. Henderson's music library was not worth $350,000 but also added, "It had no ascertainable value at all."

In contrast, the literary critic at IRS was kinder. He cut the value of the President's papers by only half.

The issue was not whether one gift was singable and danceable, or that the other gift was parsable or syntactical.

The question seemed to be whether either of them could be said to have watergated (*p.p.*). Or put another way, was there to be one law for one piano player and a different one for another piano player? □



"Wow, you must get great reception!"

ANSWER TO MIDDLETON DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 58

(JACK) NEWFIELD:
CRUEL (AND) UNUSUAL JUSTICE

I have a theory of muckraking that says writing an article of exposure is less than half the job—creating a constituency for an idea by lobbying and writing repeated follow-up articles is crucial. The journalist, if serious, should also be an activist . . . to affect events and institutions.

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Manner of Speaking

by John Ciardi

Prose: Rich, Ripe, and Federal

I was in Washington last May and happened to pick up a Sunday edition of *The Washington Post*, from which I began at once to jot down quotations I stuffed into an envelope I then mislaid and have only come on again these months later. No matter delay: art endures.

The passage of time has made it clear that Richard M. Nixon, ex-chief of federal grammar, failed (to phrase it in federalese) "to structure a rhetoric sensitive to the ongoing need to preserve deniability." The *Post* is generally credited with being the first to crack the White House voice-code for Project Watergate. What remains to be noted is that the *Post* not only destructured the Nixonian rhetoric but also has picked up the pieces and recombined them into a rich, ripe rhetoric of its own.

I start with the front page:

> The cascading erosion of support for the President is deeply troubling the Nixon administration's diplomatic strategists.

Well it might. *Strategist* is from Greek *strategos*, a general. What general could feel happy about moving his troops across cascades of erosion? But there is worse to ponder:

> The intended international scenario is now heavily clouded by the profound public and congressional rebound over publication of the edited White House tape transcripts.

The *Post*, I submit, can be a heady reading experience. I am part of the public: I have a vision of myself—*visi d'arte*—rebounding profoundly through the clouds that cover (in fact) the scenario (that was only intended). That is exactly the way I remember the experience. I thrill to the power of language. But I am called to trouble below:

> There is a growing feeling of frustration among administrative strategists that any of their plans may be overtaken by escalation of the domestic ferment.

I know about that. I saw the movie: it was called either *The Glob* or *The Thing From Outer Space*; only it wasn't fermenting on an escalator but in an interstellar vat that crash-landed in Peoria. From Peoria it spread all over everything and would have taken over the world if it hadn't died of the Asian flu. It has to be that movie the *Post* had in mind when it went on to report:

> A tide of spectacular governmental change has been rolling across the international horizon.

That's exactly how it happened in the movie, while gloom deepened in Washington:

> Now the shadows fall heavily across Mr. Nixon's fate.

Thud!

The one ray of hope that offers a foothold in which we may yet find a renewed perspective is in the fact that we are not the only horn of this dilemma:

> Similar dismay reverberated through the Communist ranks.

That much, at least, is all to the good. It's high time those Communist ranks got reverberated at. Those reverberations, moreover, are:

> major contributing factors in the growing gap.

Don't scoff. It is an idiom that has to be learned, yes, but it all comes clear if you think about it. A gap is an emptiness. "Factor" is an empty word. The *Post* is forthrightly contributing the emptiness of its own prose (in the highest tradition of American journalism) in order to make the gap wide enough for public notice. There are always dissidents, to be sure:

> Others disagree that the dividends for détente are so lopsided.

I confess I wouldn't mind a few lopsided dividends. Mine, in their own clouded scenario, have been suffering a cascading erosion. There are times when I can feel reverberations dismaying me from rank to file, especially when it comes time to file. I can take comfort only in the fact that the Republicans haven't done any better:

> What is fueling the Republican defections in addition to the revulsion to the Watergate transcripts is the feeling that ultimately the President cannot survive.

But this time, I am afraid, the *Post* fell away from its own highest standards. Shucks, I don't myself expect to survive—not ultimately. But I don't go around making that a cause for revulsive fueling, do I?

Ultimately, I wonder if even the *Post* can survive the osmotic federalization of its own stroboscopic prose, without which it would be left naked in the spotlight of dim fact with nothing to cover it but a cascade of its own erosion—and like the Medici Venus, you really need three hands for that.

Yet let me give this drivel its dew. (*Asperge me.*) *The Washington Post* is not entirely to blame. It's the *Washington* of it that threatens to reverberate the language clear off its ever-fermenting escalator, smack-dab into the cascading void of that growing gap from which there is no rebound ever, not though you fuel your revulsion from here to the King James Bible and back again by way of the *Oxford Book of English Prose.* □

"Now, if he'll just keep hitting those little old keys."

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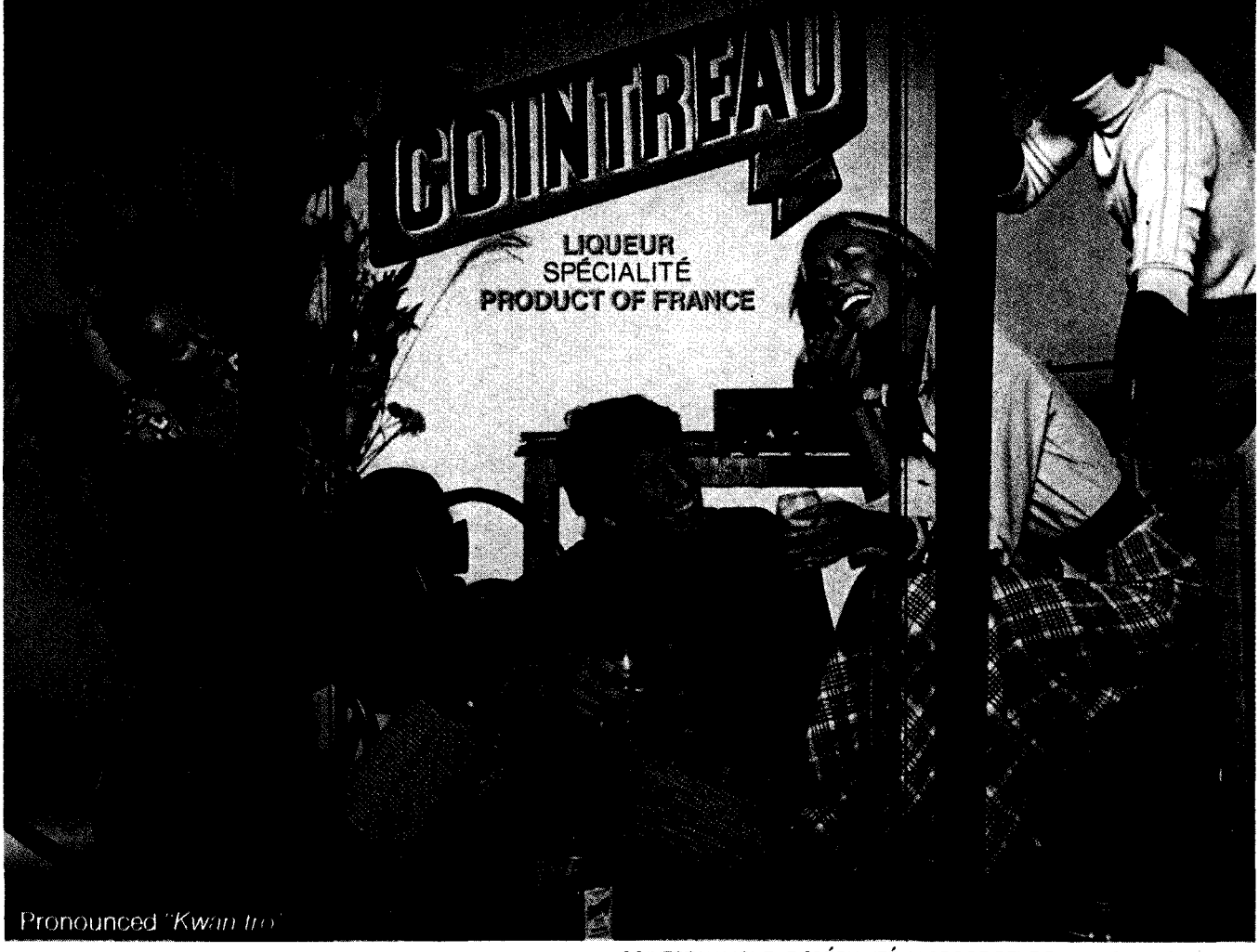

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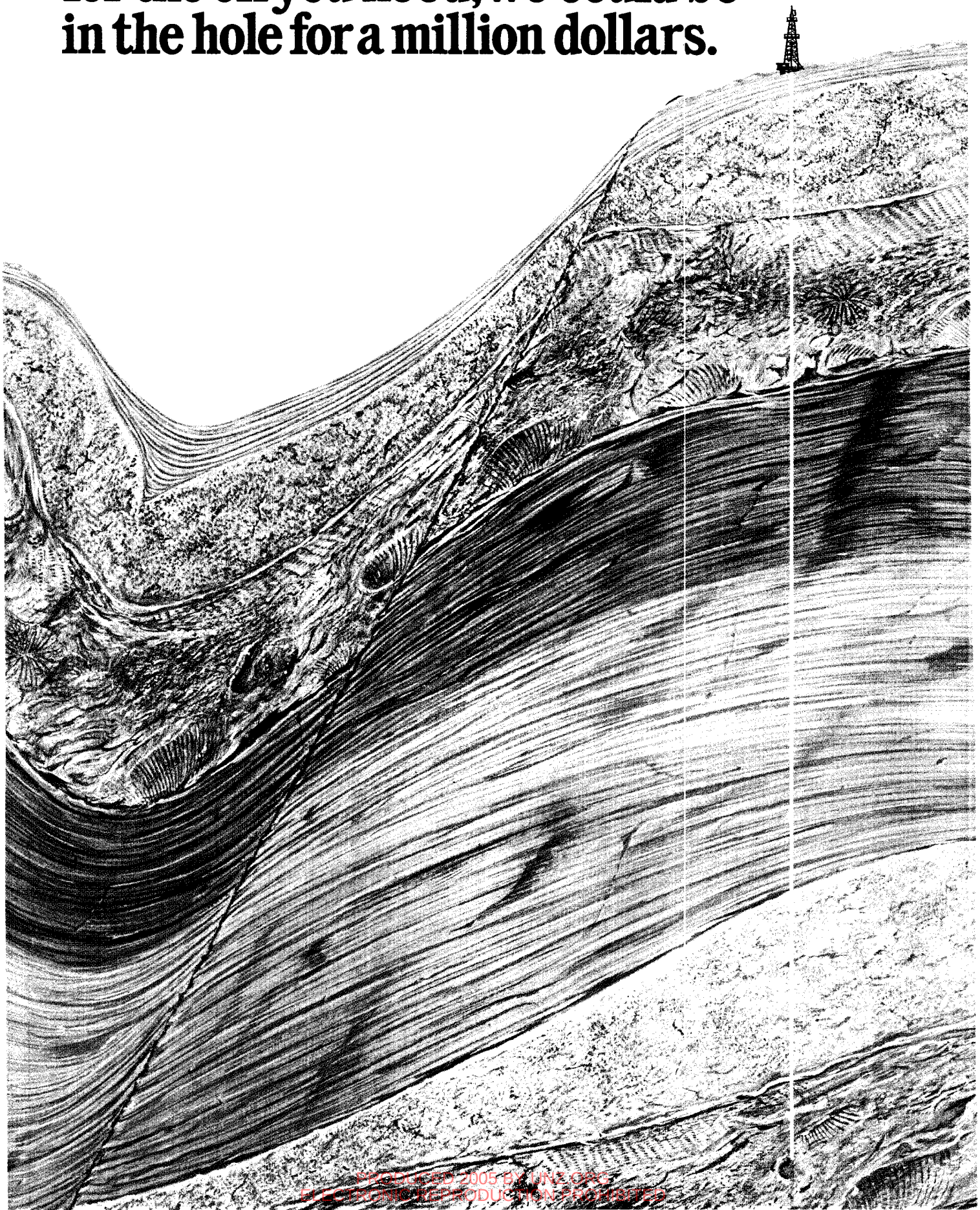

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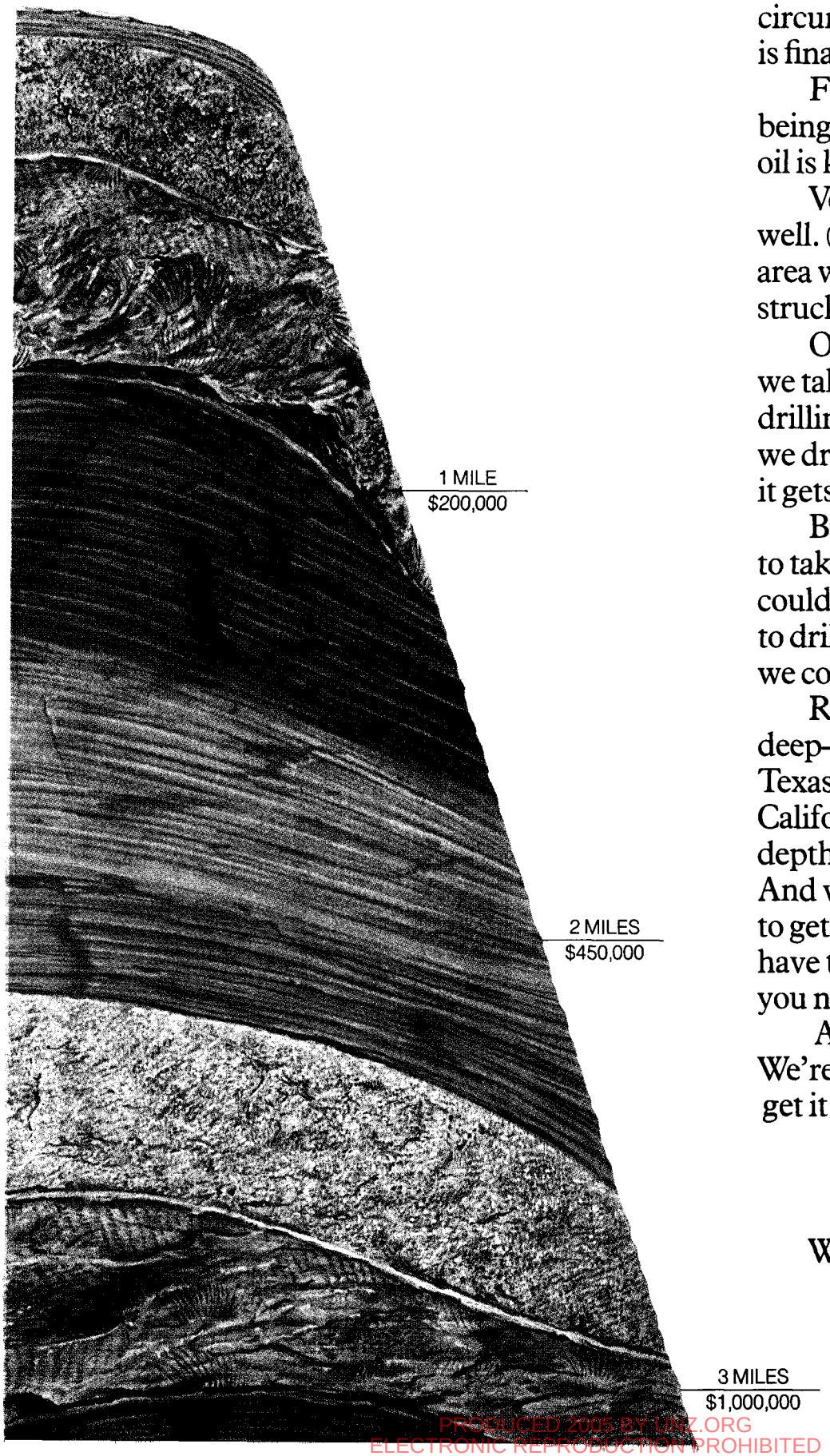

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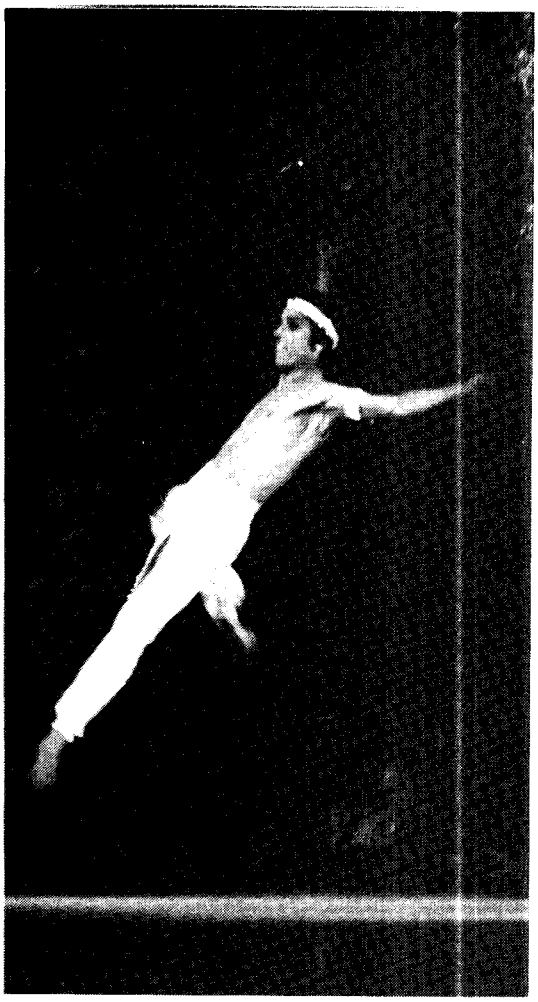
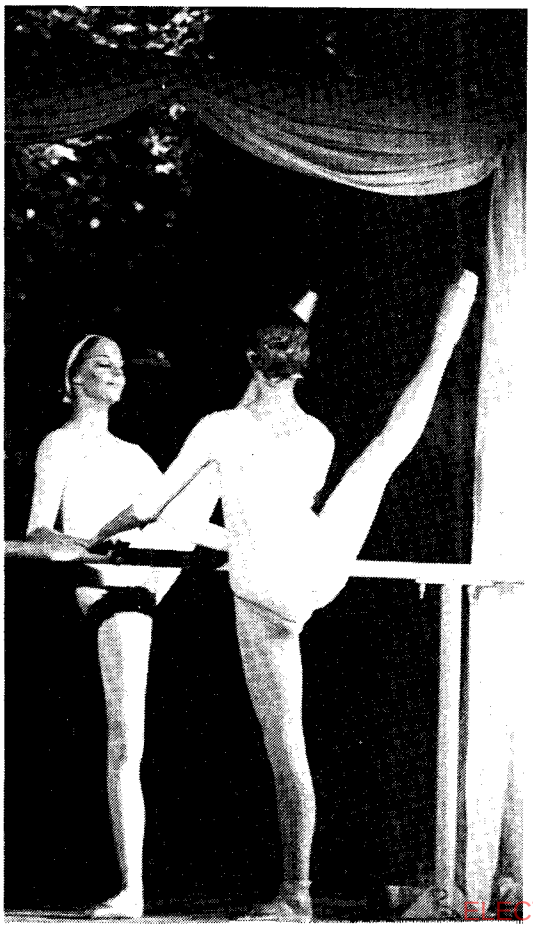


Mikhail Tsivin, the Soviet Union's gold medalist, "a brilliant dancer."

Finland's identical twins, Soile and Rita Heinonen, in prize mirror dance.



(**Dance:** *continued from page 32.*)
by a decimal point and which we, in all conscience, should reconsider. We'd recheck our notes covering perhaps a dozen performances by that contestant, re-evaluate, and perhaps give the contestant one more chance, or perhaps not. At the close of such an exhausting session, he would smile, thank us, and, on one occasion, plant a kiss on the glamorous 60-year-old-plus Lycette Darsonval, once the *première danseuse étoile* of the Opéra in Paris, who giggled and said, *"Mon Dieu! Je rougie comme une jeune fille. Ce n'est pas possible!"* But blush she did, and like a young girl.

The young girls and boys of the competition danced in a beautiful outdoor theater against a background of curved, ivied walls, window arches, the Olympics-like flame of the Varna competition itself, and a fresh, clear twilit sky. The contestants were divided into juniors (ages 15–20) and seniors (ages 20–28), with an exception for Bujones because of his established professional status. Each had to appear in a classical-ballet excerpt chosen from an approved list (*La Fille mal gardée, Giselle, Le Corsaire, Coppélia, Swan Lake, The Sleeping Beauty, The Nutcracker, La Bayadère, Don Quixote*, or *Raymonda*) and in another dance—classical, modern, jazz, or whatever—of his own choosing.

The ratings were on a scale of 8 to 10 for the first week, and all below were promptly eliminated; the second week, 9 and higher; the third week, the narrowing down, the night-long conferences, the selection of winners. There were four gold-medal awards (to one woman and three men), three in silver, and three in bronze, plus certificates that were equivalent to honorable mentions. (Sandra Fortune, a black ballet dancer from Washington, D.C., and Marlene Jones from San Diego, Calif., were among the finalists.)

I think it was clear from the start that Bujones would be a gold medalist. Indeed, I was told that even before he arrived, competition personnel simply looked at a photograph of him in action and predicted "a winner." During the weeks of the competition itself, whenever his name was mentioned, audiences applauded. But he was up against formidable competition, especially the gold medalist from Russia, Mikhail Tsivin, a brilliant dancer. He and Fernando admired each other's dancing enormously and became friends.

The whole competition was exhilarating. I saw enough *Corsaires* and *Don Qs* to last me for years, but I also saw, for the first time, a 14-year-old Japanese child accomplish not simply 32 *fouettés* (usually done in singles and occasionally interspersed with double turns) but *fouettés* made up of a turn and a quarter each, thus facing her in a different compass direction at the end of each revolution! I also saw beautiful identical twins from Finland in a mirror dance, *Double Indeed*, a prize-winning choreography created for them by Margaretha von Bahr; and Lasaro Kareno and Mirta Garcia from Cuba in another choreographic winner, the hot, sultry, and mysterious *The Forest and the River* (choreographed by Alberto Mendes).

And, oh, the perfect Yoko Morishita (gold medal) with an astounding technique coupled with the most perfect movement-music phrasing you are likely to see; Romania's youthful and appealing George Yancu in *Adolescence*; Bulgaria's Dimitrova (I had written "ballerina!" after her name when I first watched her compete); and, in truth, many others from many lands.

THERE WERE SPECIAL full-scale productions, too, in which gold medalists of former years appeared with the Ballet of the Sofia Opera in support. And a very, very special dividend of the whole Varna occasion was seeing Alicia Alonso (a juror), who, though blind, had been dancing magnificently for many years and now, with sight restored after a critical operation in Spain, is ready to perform again. She invited me to watch her take class, and I can report to her thousands of American fans that her magic is unimpaired.

What a "United Nations" Varna has turned out to be—Bujones from the U.S.A.; Tsivin from the U.S.S.R.; Morishita from Japan; Cuba's (and our) Alonso, still radiant in her 50s. And with the Bulgarian hosts seeing to it that at the end of an international and bloodless (except for that splinter in a dancing foot) contest, the world theme was truly *Le Triomphe de la danse*, as Mme. Darsonval (or would it be M. Healey-Kay?) would say! And as for me, may I say to Emil Dimitrov, the indefatigable and unbelievably skillful director of the elaborate and complex competition-enterprise, and to Yechka, my indispensable interpreter, a hearty "*blagodarja*," which is Bulgarian for "thank you" (but you knew that, I'm sure). □

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European Memories: Bitter and Sweet

by Hollis Alpert

As a very young man, Louis Malle, one of the progenitors of the French New Wave, set off shock waves with *The Lovers,* in which two mature people broke marital conventions and movie conventions of the time. Malle's career since then has wandered between zany comedy and serious documentary, with a side trip into a delicate exploration (but outrageous to some) of a mother-son relationship, released here as *Murmur of the Heart.* One expects the unusual from Malle, and indeed we get it with his latest film, *Lacombe, Lucien,* in which the behavior of his countrymen during the German occupation of World War II is examined less with pity and sorrow than with honesty and conscience.

Malle was only 11 at the time of the French liberation, but he has buttressed his memories with voluminous research to evoke the period and give strength to a fictional story of a 17-year-old country boy who joins the French Gestapo in Figeac, a town in southwestern France. The film's title comes from the name of the boy, who is in the habit of inverting it whenever he is addressed by his superiors. The film's success in France is partly due to the fascination the subject has, 30 years later, for a large portion of the public, just now beginning to emerge from the myths and colorations that usually have accompanied treatment of the period. Hollywood also joined in to show Frenchmen as heartily anti-Nazi and virulently at war with the occupiers.

Malle paints a far different picture. The town of Figeac is virtually ruled by the French adjunct of the German Gestapo. They torture sympathizers of what underground exists, loot homes of fellow citizens, profit from the flourishing black market, and help round up and turn in local Jews and those who have fled from the northern sections of the country. All of this is seen through the impassive eyes of a not-too-bright country boy who, after being taken on as a Gestapo member, becomes intoxicated with his newfound sense of power.

The heart of the story, though, deals with the relationship between the boy, Lucien, and a lovely Jewish girl, the daughter of a Parisian tailor who, having fled Paris, makes clothes for the Gestapo on the promise that he will have his passage to Spain arranged for himself, his daughter, and his aged mother. Lucien, enamored of the daughter, forces himself on the beleaguered little family, becomes part of it, and then gets caught between his new familial feeling and the anti-Semitism of his comrades. The clash of ideologies only leaves him confused, and as the film unfolds in a pure, almost classical French style (reminiscent of some of the Renoir and Pagnol films of the Thirties), Malle's purpose becomes evident. Lucien is the symbol of indifference to cruelty and suffering—as long as it happens to someone else.

To avoid the usual theatricality common to film portrayals of World War II fascism, Malle deliberately chose un-

Pierre Blaise as Lucien and Aurore Clement as France in Lacombe, Lucien.

Federico Fellini's Amarcord—*Gigolos at work at the Grand Hotel.*

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knowns for the major roles. Pierre Blaise, as Lucien, came to the film a complete amateur, as did Aurore Clement, who convincingly portrays the Jewish girl. Hitherto unseen in films is Holger Lowenadler, a Swedish actor. He gives great dignity to the role of the tailor, who is nonplussed by the intrusion of Lucien into his household. There has not been a better French film in years, and perhaps its virtues are even more discernible here, where French collective guilt seems less a matter of vital concern.

FELLINI, TOO, in his latest film, *Amarcord*, is exploring the past, but as we might expect, it is his own past that concerns him. The mode is once more the combining of reminiscence with fantastic, even magical, elements. In *Amarcord* ("I Remember") he goes back some 40 years to an Italian town near a resort beach, perhaps the same town used as the setting of *I Vittelloni*, his masterpiece of 20 years ago. Although the place name isn't given for either film, we can safely associate it with Rimini, Fellini's birthplace. The early film was tender social satire; it harked back to Fellini's young manhood and that of his friends, their roots lost because of a changing social order.

In *Amarcord*, there is little sense of satire, no denunciation of decadence, rather a tolerant understanding of, and sympathy with, small lives and the pathos and humor they engender. Memory is marvelous, he seems to be saying, because in the longer retrospect of an imaginative man in his 50s, everything takes on a glow. And in *Amarcord* it does. Fellini takes us through four seasons in the life of the town. Forty years ago, Mussolini was running Italy, but though we glimpse the Fascists and a few of their opposers, to the townspeople the politics seem rather remote.

Fellini concentrates more on the growing pains of a teenaged boy, seeking his first sexual opportunity, enamored of Gradisca, the voluptuous hairdresser who attends the local cinema in worship of Gary Cooper and who awaits his lookalike to carry her away in marriage. His first kiss is with Volpina, the town's half-demented wanton; his first contact with a bared bosom, the breasts of the plump storekeeper. Through the mists of time comes his crazed uncle, Teo, who once each year is rescued from the asylum for a family visit. It isn't easy to get him back, for he climbs a tree and comes down only when a midget nun issues him the command. There was the day, too, when that fabulous ocean liner, *The Rex*, passed by on her maiden voyage, the whole town taking to the sea in boats to watch so wondrous an event. Just as everything in the film is larger than life, so is that ship.

Fellini some years ago said about his creative process: "A film is like an unknown castle. First you glimpse an odd roof or turret from a distance, then you gradually get some vague idea of how the whole thing looks, then suddenly you find yourself approaching the main entrance, you knock and (maybe) you are let in. And only when you are inside do you begin to explore the individual corridors and rooms, to see how they are furnished and how they join on to each other." *Amarcord* seems to be that kind of exploration. The glimpses are disparate at first, but by the end they have all connected.

In the midst of a snowfall, a strange thing happens. A peacock flies in, alights in the town square, and spreads his gorgeous feathers. Like that peacock, Fellini is spreading his remarkable feathers in a display of his singular virtuosity. Compared with his others, the film is minor, but this doesn't mean that it is not filled with the Fellini warmth and magic. He may be indulging himself this time out, but his indulgences are our gain. □

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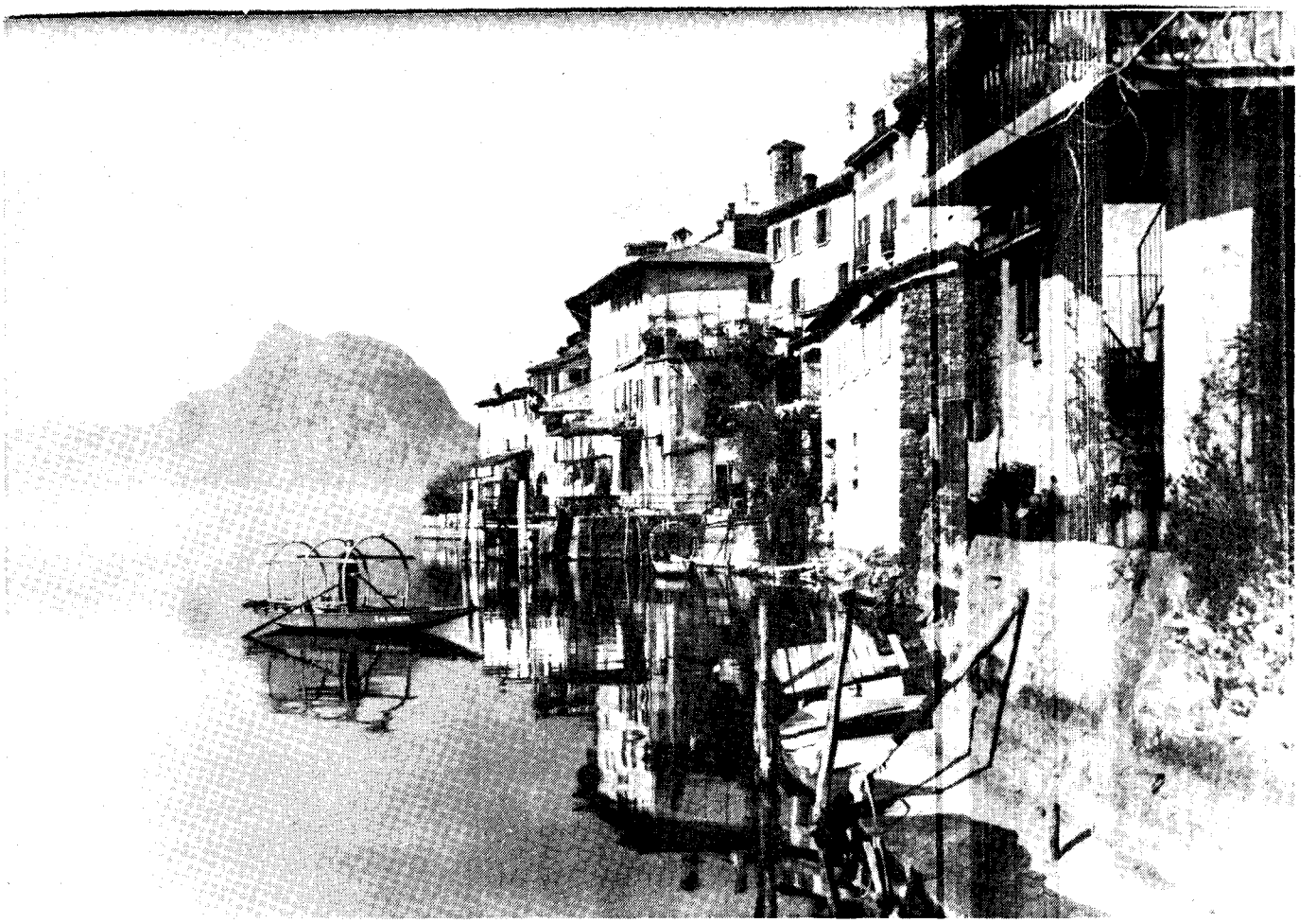

Gandria on Lake Lugano—"Olive trees, plum trees, oleander bushes, and a banana stalk planted as a challenge."

Switzerland With Palms

by Horace Sutton

Besides postage stamps, a national airline, and a seat in the United Nations, every properly equipped nation must have a Riviera. Even Romania has one, a long, hotel-cluttered stretch along the Black Sea called Mamaia, inspiring wags out of the West to warble a few bars of "Moon over Mamaia," a deft play on the anthem originally written about the settlement on the Gold Coast of Florida.

Switzerland, however, without a sea, much less an ocean, must make do with a panhandle of real estate that hangs down in the lakelands of northern Italy. Indeed, Italy is on all sides, visible in the place names, audible in the language, and sniffable in the delicacies that come to table. Even the canton itself, which runs southward from the base of the Alps, called the Tessin in the rest of Switzerland, is known as the Ticino down here.

Nestling so close to Italy, it has grafted some of the benefits of Italian climate. Roses bloom at Christmas, along with winter jasmine. Mimosa and forsythia appear in February, and by March there are camellias, magnolias, and peach blossoms. Whoever it is who counts the average sunshine hours in a day, a highly specialized occupation, has calculated that between December and March Lugano averages well over 500 sunshine hours, more than double what can be offered in such other retreats as Berlin and London. One can sit under the palms along the shore of Lake Lugano and gaze at the marshmallow peaks of the mountains on the horizon.

Such an amiable confluence of weather, lakeland scenery, and flora turned the Tessin into a Swiss Riviera especially enjoyed by the Swiss themselves, who account for almost a third of all the visitors who come to nest here. The Germans follow, probably because it is the handiest warm place where German is spoken. (Even the Ticinese can manage most of the other tongues in current employ in Switzerland.) The Italians used to come in great numbers, but the strength of the Swiss franc and the unsteady lira, along with a sharp upsurge in the cost of Swiss life, have kept the Italians at home. Americans, more numerous in ordinary times than the French, or those irrepressible wanderers, the Belgians, were in short supply last summer, if you take the word of the hotelkeepers. Despite the poor-mouthing and the hand-wringing, Lugano was a jumble of people in the summer, all of them strolling the lakeside, queuing up for the steamers that operate both as excursion boats and a floating bus service, and riding Lugano's cat's cradle of aerial tramways, cable cars, funicular railways, *télécabines*, double chair lifts, and other forms of getting visitors from the lakeside to the hilltops and back again. Surrounded as they are by mountains, the Swiss have a penchant for erecting some mechanical means of locomotion that will bring one to the top of any lofty peak in view. It may well be that when good Swiss die, they ascend to heaven aboard a *téléphérique*.

So intricate is the interconnected linkup of excursion boats, mountain paths, narrow gauge and cog railways, and

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cable cars that Luganese say it is possible to fritter away a whole season taking little trips around town without ever depositing *derrière* on the tonneau of an automobile.

One can cross the lake by steamer to visit the small smuggler's museum devoted to the long-practiced art of slipping contraband across the borders. Cigarettes are a popular item, although there are large, bustling stores on the Swiss side of the border where Italians stop to stock up. Electrical appliances are popular, too, especially washing machines and television sets.

IT TAKES a special breed of tourist—Germans with knapsacks and knickers, perhaps—to bustle off on an excursion merely to breathe the mountain air. Most pick a destination as one chooses a compass point, for that at least provides purpose and goal. The fishing villages of Morcote to the south, Bissone on the east shore of Lake Lugano, and Gandria to the northeast are the most popular, though the fishermen are few these days and the tourists are many. At Gandria one has to park one's car along the steep hillside road and walk down to the lake. The pathway leads past surprising vegetation, at least for Switzerland—olive trees, plum trees, oleander bushes, and here and there, a banana stalk planted, I would think, as a challenge to the gods. The streets are cobbled, and the old stone revetments are honeycombed with little tearooms and souvenir shops.

Swiss National Tourist Office

Gabbani's on Pessina Street—"Salamis hanging like elongated Christmas ornaments."

Three hotels in Morcote and another half-dozen in the surrounding bush will provide agreeable shelter for about $6 to $10, breakfast included. There is, as well, an assortment of apartments, most of them with three or four rooms, for long-term lease. The Hotel Moosmann at Gandria is a good example of a fitting lakeside inn. Its 18 rooms, equipped with private plumbing, rented for $16.50 the last time I figured the rate of exchange with the robust franc, and that includes full board. Another seven rooms of earlier vintage and without bath are about $3.50 a day cheaper. In any case the inn is smack on the lake, with a canopy-covered terrace built above the retaining wall. Palm trees and cypresses suggest a tropical clime, and there is even a patch of grass set up with lounge chairs to trap the afternoon sun.

The grand hotels—after all, Lugano has been a sanctuary for well over a century—are sprinkled around the rim of the Bay of Lugano and along the lakeside edge of Paradiso, Cassarate, and Castagnola, the adjoining *faubourgs*, which are really just extensions of the curving shore. Pensions, small inns, back-street hotels, are in profusion, with the bare minimum tariff pegged at about seven dollars a night, continental breakfast included.

As for the formal establishments, the Splendid-Royal is a splendid and royal example of the traditional hotel style. The walls of the chambers are satin-lined; the public salons float in the gentle swell of a calm sea of plush. The full menu at dinner relieves the guests of about $11, which is probably why the clientele has undergone a change this year. Nearly half the guests used to come from America; this year Americans number about a fifth of the house count, with the slack gathered up by Iranians, Lebanese, and others from the Middle East who are the new *nouveau riche*.

THE NEW STYLE of hotel life, about as far from Swiss traditional as the Tijuana Brass is from an alpenhorn, is epitomized by the Grand Hotel Eden on the lake at Paradiso. Here one enters through sliding glass doors, treads silently on rubberized floors, shuffles over pale-green rugs, and registers at a front desk manned by clerks in screaming purple jackets. The heated pool is enclosed in a glass box at the edge of the lake, and in good season the house guests can lie in recumbent splendor on aqua-tinted settees set on a terrace paved in white

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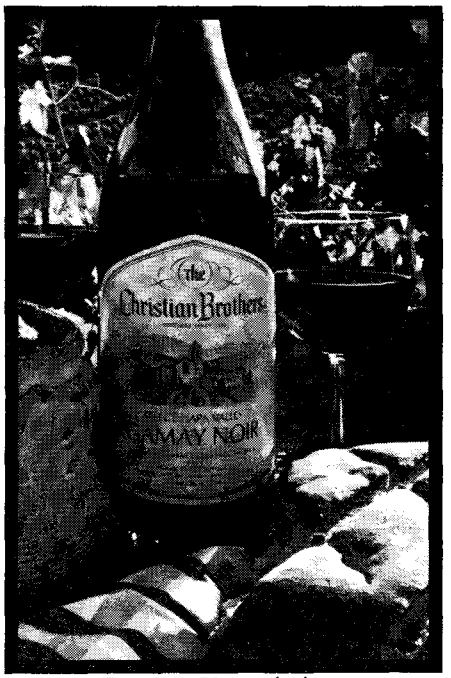

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marble. The subterranean depths of the hotel have been fitted out with steam rooms, sauna, massage salons, and a salt-water pool heated to 95 degrees and fitted out with jet sprays, which are intended to uncoil tense muscles. Life in this swinging palace will relieve the dweller of $60 (for two with breakfast), and the table d'hôte dinner, if you're ready for the parade of courses, is a $10 ceremony.

In its flaring style the Eden seems almost to say out loud (and in glorious Technicolor) that Switzerland is not all Swiss cheese and cowbells. For those who come from overseas, or for that matter, from other European countries, the nearest international airport is Milan, a metropolis to which Alitalia dispatches a jet from America every day of the week.

ON THE OTHER HAND, Lugano, notably in the old city, does exude traditional Swiss flavorings, occasionally with a hint of Italian seasonings. One finds, for instance, the traditional candy shops with racks proffering, by my count, 140 different kinds of chocolate bars. Bianchi's, heralded as the finest restaurant in town, features less of the creamy veal, sausage, and roast-potato cuisine of northern Switzerland than it does *fettuccine*, *cannelloni*, and *risotto*. The vortex of the action in these shopping streets, closed off to vehicular traffic, is Gabbani's, a butcher on Pessina Street, whose shopfront is festooned with salamis hanging like elongated Christmas ornaments. The shoppers and the gossipers are in great convention here in the afternoons particularly, because the management succors the starving with hot pizza dispensed from a carry-away counter.

When the weather is still good, it is pleasant to drive out to the *grotti*, small restaurants that set their tables in leafy arbors on the edges of town. Milk-fed pig; rabbit *cacciatore*—hunter's style and served with polenta, the boiled corn meal of northern Italy; *pizzocheri*, a pasta made of buckwheat; *luganiga*, a local wurst served boiled or grilled; *formaggino*, a goat cheese sprinkled with pepper and adrift in oil, are among the attractions. Enormous mushrooms, as large as modest cauliflowers, cost an oil sheik's ransom. But served with polenta, they are a southern Swiss dream and, in the Ticino anyway, as sure a sign of autumn as a tailgate picnic back in the homeland. □

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Music

The Rubinstein Clefhanger

by Irving Kolodin

Jerusalem, Israel

A filmmaker or novelist in search of an unused subject combining international rivalries and a built-in musical score would have found all the material he could handle—and some to spare—in the two weeks in September allotted here and in Tel Aviv to the First Arthur Rubinstein International Piano Master Competition. The cast of characters would include an appealing group of vastly talented young pianists (female as well as male) from 14 countries, a jury of some illustrious and some obscure persons, and the worldwide celebrity who lent his name to the competition.

It turned out—at a point when the jury's function was approaching a climax—that Rubinstein not only had lent his name to the competition but also had donated the $5,000 for the first prize (and doubtless exercised a part in persuading R.C.A. to offer a recording contract to the winner). At one point it appeared possible that Rubinstein might make an alternate award of his own if he did not agree with the choice of the jury. Indeed, some of the jurors—the writer included—might not have gone to Israel at all if they had known that the jury would also have a judge capable of rendering a verdict on his own.

In the end, however, Rubinstein occupied objectively his honorable status as first among equals. He cast a ballot of his own for the performer he favored. It was added anonymously into the total from which a consensus was derived. Then he awaited, with the others, the mathematical outcome.

Whether the decision that favored Emanuel Ax was exactly the one he would have preferred—more precisely, it was *not* the one he would have preferred—Rubinstein accepted the verdict with the grace for which he is famous and wished all the competitors well in the careers to which he had made such an important contribution. He also borrowed a bit of Solomonic wisdom in proposing that as "laureates" beyond Ax and the runner-up, Eugene Indjic (both of the United States), Seta Tanyel of Austria and Janina Fialkowska of Canada, whose scores differed only in second decimal points, divide the third prize.

In the aggregate, the three stages into which the competition was divided could be described as (1) the Jury Round, in which—prior to Rubinstein's arrival—the original total of 24 contestants was reduced to 12; (2) the Rubinstein Round, in which the donor-judge-jurist listened to the 12 survivors and added his vote to those of the panel; and (3) the Public Round, in which the musical clefhanger whose outcome was so vital to those involved was converted into a musical steeplechase in Tel Aviv's Mann Auditorium. With the assistance of Gary Bertini and the Israel Philharmonic, each finalist played the fourth concerto of Beethoven and another warhorse of his own choice. In addition to attaining high marks from the jury for sitting his saddle well over the stern course of the Brahms D Minor Sonata as well as the Beethoven (with barely a cigarette break between them), Ax was enthusiastically endorsed by an audience keenly attuned to the manner in which he had done his work.

Polish-born and American-educated (most recently at the Juilliard School, under the guidance of Mieczyslaw Munz), Ax was not merely the most highly qualified performer in the Public Round but also the competitor who broke fastest from the starting gate in stage one and held his pole position through stage two. He thus emerged as the one among the 23 (Mihai Zaharescu of Romania injured a wrist and did not perform at all) whose superiority embraced the "etude" phase (as Rubinstein called stage one), the more demanding Recital section (stage two, in which Ax showed his competence as a performer of chamber music in the D Minor Sonata of Brahms), and the final concerto stage. That he should be the competition's winner was thus a pyramiding of promise to the ultimate peak.

Whether this assures Ax a similar place of prominence five years hence is pure speculation. He was certainly in the elite category of the three that turned up during the hours and hours of piano playing that were not always music making. The largest comprised highly competent technicians who adapted everything they played—Bach, Beethoven, Chopin, Liszt, or Debussy—to their own strengths and limitations. The next largest was made up of less competent technicians who had no real effect, one way or the other, on the music they performed. The smallest, choicest coterie was the few who had not only the technical means but also the musical understanding to adapt *themselves* to the specific needs of each composer. Their Bach was neither bland nor blurred by pedal; their Beethoven was forthright and lean; their Chopin fluent but vibrant; and their Debussy precise as well as prismatic.

Every competition has a piece written for the occasion, designed to challenge all the competitors with something previously unknown to them. This one, by

Gregory Rozanski

Arthur Rubinstein (center) with (left to right) Emanuel Ax, Seta Tanyel, Janina Fialkowska, Eugene Indjic—four finalists in piano competition.

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Haim Alexander, was titled "Patterns" but might have better been called "Le Miroir." Its brief but complex measures reflected exactly what each performer, in turn, brought to it. For the finger-minded, it offered a grand opportunity for incisive attacks and dazzling passage playing; for the intellectually disposed, it provided a riddle to be resolved; and for those with imagination, it even yielded a modicum of music.

Those who did, indeed, find music in Alexander's well-structured "Patterns" were by no means limited to the finalists, nor did it include all of them. Among the favored few were the richly endowed Arnaldo Cohen of Brazil and the cultivated Jeremy Brown of England, who were two of the four who received consolation prizes of $600. Also productive of musical results was Evelyne Brancart of Belgium, who performed splendidly in stage one. She is, however, only 20 and soon succumbed to a temptation that may undo the inexperienced in any major competition. At the start of stage two, she departed from the beautifully suave style of piano playing imparted to her at the Brussels Conservatory to engage in a futile battle of sonorities with her older, more muscular competitors. She fell from the level she had attained in stage one, and right out of the competition. But it is no mad gamble to place a bet on the possibility that five or ten years hence Brancart will be better known than some of the top winners.

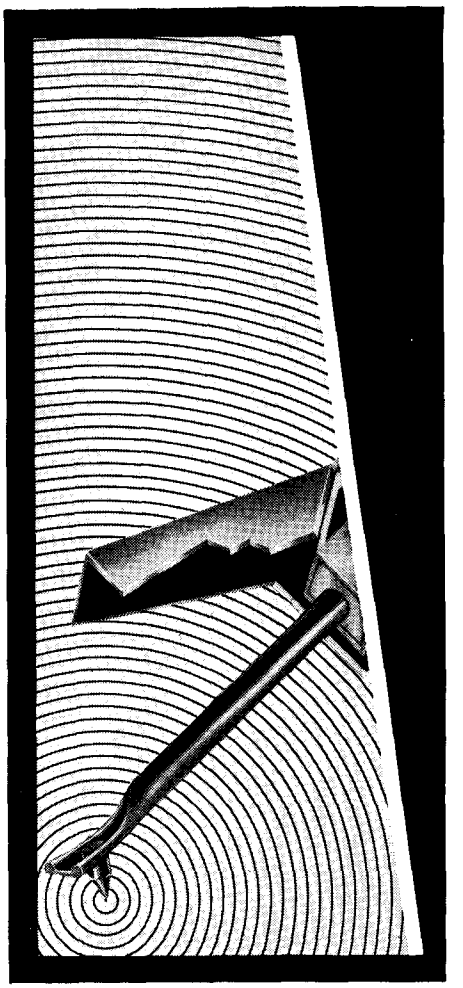
That is what competitions have in common with clocks and calendars. They serve the immediate purpose of measuring momentary hard facts, like the time of the day or the day of the month. But predicting whether the day will be fair or foul or whether the next hour will bring happiness or grief is not within the function of a calendar or a clock. Similarly, the outcome of a competition guarantees nothing more than that, in a specific set of circumstances, within a given time span, Emanuel Ax answered the questions put to him, as a pianist, a musician, and an artist, better than any of the others did.

Indeed, the most gifted young pianist to be heard in Israel during these two weeks was 16-year-old Yafim Bronfman, who was not among the winners or the losers in the Rubinstein competition. Not yet old enough to be accepted as competitor, Bronfman was produced as the musical embellishment to a convocation in which the Hebrew University conferred an honorary degree of Doctor of Philosophy on Rubinstein. A native of Tashkent, whose parents recently migrated from the U.S.S.R. with the usual requirement to leave behind all their property and worldly possessions, young Bronfman is an instance of pure gold walking on two legs. His playing of Chopin was not only imposing in sonority and instinct but also infused with that deep sense of musical purpose which cannot be taught, only preserved, protected, and encouraged. He is already in good hands and may be heard from sooner than would seem possible in fall 1974.

As for the best piano playing of any kind heard in Israel during those eventful weeks, that was provided by the redoubtable Arturo Benedetti Michelangeli of Italy. Prior to joining Rubinstein and Eugene Istomin as a juror for the final stage, Michelangeli offered an "Hommage à Israel" recital in Mann Auditorium, with all the receipts donated to the funding of the Rubinstein competition. It is all too long since Michelangeli (the Italians call him "Benedetti") has been heard in the United States—1968. But the interval has only added to the mastery that makes him, at 50, the greatest living craftsman at his specialty of casting spells and conjuring up pianistic miracles.

When he had caressed the keys and solicited the strings' cooperation in his concepts of Beethoven's Opus 7 Sonata, the four ballads (Opus 10) of Brahms, and the B-flat Minor Sonata of Chopin, he responded to a tumult of applause by spinning the measures of Debussy's "Hommage à Rameau"—which few pianists risk in public—into a weblike filigree of sound both imaginative and impalpable. Challenged to explain why he has neglected America so long, Michelangeli responded that it was too far away, that he could play many more concerts in Europe during a week than in the States. If Italy wants Congress to help out in its financial dilemmas, it had better get "Benedetti" over here, *subito*.

To say that Israel took Benedetti, Rubinstein, and the competitors to its heart during the fortnight is simply another way of saying that within its boundaries—hardly larger than those of New Jersey—is the greatest concentration of music lovers in the world. Here in Jerusalem, where President Ephraim Katzir received the prize winners as he would a foreign dignitary, truly "the hills are alive with the sound of music." □



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Theater

On Rewriting Shakespeare

by Henry Hewes

What nerve! In England John Barton has rewritten Shakespeare's *King John* so completely that a British critic has called it the first new play ever to be presented at Stratford-upon-Avon's Shakespeare Memorial Theatre. And in America, at the Great Lakes Shakespeare Festival in Lakewood, Ohio, a reckless drama critic has corrupted the text of Shakespeare's *Measure for Measure* to such an extent that Cleveland *Plain Dealer* critic Peter Bellamy has stated that this upstart version is "political satire Shakespeare would not have dared." Because our new President has instructed us that truth is the glue that holds civilization together, I feel obliged to reveal that I am the drama critic and shall proceed with insufficiently reluctant immodesty to uncover how I came to embark on this literary and political crime.

Actually I am not a very political person, but when invited by G.L.S.F. director Lawrence Carra to relate this dark comedy to contemporary political corruption, I quickly reread the text and decided it could support a few modern touches. It was plain that no character was close enough to any current public figure to make for an accurate satirical portrait. But Shakespeare's Duke, who allowed the zealous Lord Angelo to do what the Duke would not undertake in his own name, had some relevance to a society in which "innocent" politicians and corporation heads occasionally get others to do their dirty work.

There was possible relevance, too, in the hypocritical Lord Angelo, who professed to espouse absolute "law and order" justice, with compassion for none, at the same time that he criminally offered a reprieve to a condemned man if that man's sister, Isabella, would give him her chaste body. Like a good Watergater, he afterward stonewalls.

At the outset, I thought I might just add to the play, in unimportant places, a line or two from the newspaper accounts of Watergate. My first and favorite addition was a line put in the mouth of the provost, who is asked by the disguised Duke to trick Lord Angelo by substituting another head for that of the condemned man. Shakespeare had him reply, "Pardon me, good father, it is against my oath." Our provost now answers, "Yes. We could do that. But it would be wrong, that's for sure."

Shakespeare also provided us with another opportunity. He had written "meet me at the consecrated fount" ("at the gates" of the city). This I changed to "meet me at the watered gate," which sounded Shakespearean and contemporary at the same time.

I suppose I should have stopped there. But, alas, it was too late. I was hooked. By the time my frustrated playwright's appetite was surfeited, some two dozen such phrases had infected Shakespeare's text. But these were the least of my literary crimes. Why not, I asked myself, strengthen the play with some good lines lifted out of some of Shakespeare's other plays? Before I could say "Hold thy bloody hand!" words from eight plays had leaked into our text.

But now I was really worked up. Could I, without offending the bard, write a little dialogue of my own? Boldly taking the leap, I changed Shakespeare's Lucio into a kind of chorus that commented on the action. This change proved most useful because Lucio could speak on one side of the stage, while the scenery was being changed on the other. But it also permitted me to indicate my attitude toward Shakespeare's play.

Although *Measure for Measure* is full of complications, its plot can be simply stated. A lenient ruler decides that permissiveness has gone too far and therefore appoints a puritanical deputy to correct matters. But from the start, Shakespeare expresses doubts about the puritan's apparent virtue. The bard also suggests that the novitiate Isabella's zeal for chastity and religion is overdone. Shakespeare's version exposes the puritan deputy's hypocrisy more vehemently than it does Isabella's. However, in my version, Lucio describes her as a woman with repressed sexual longings, who, in the course of the play, learns to enjoy controlling men through her sexuality. Thus, her ultimate marriage to the old Duke, quite abrupt and implausible in Shakespeare, here, I like to think, becomes somewhat more credible. In Shakespeare, Isabella never answers the Duke's marriage proposal. The actress playing Isabella suggested I might write a brief answer for her to say but did not seem too pleased when I came up with "I had always thought my God to wed, but to be your Duchess, I'll give maidenhead." Not very romantic, perhaps. But many fine women do marry older men of wealth and fame.

Shakespeare's odd couple now a match.

Some other notions occurred to me. I felt that Shakespeare's play should begin by establishing the licentious climate that prompted the Duke to initiate his experiment in government. Also I wanted to meet in person Kate Keepdown, an offstage character in the Shakespeare version. So I invented a casually bawdy opening scene in which Kate, a lusty country girl who couldn't be kept down on the farm, decides to allow herself to be kept down in the city. Furthermore, to put the audience in the properly improper mood, I asked the hard-working young apprentices at G.L.S.F. to improvise a silent street scene showing illicit pleasure on one side of the stage, while on the other were hung signs advertising legally lethal products, along with tax shelters "for the man who has everything."

Although it was not then in the news, I took a shot at Nixon's position against amnesty for draft evaders, in some doggerel added at the end:

Justice, t'would seem, has been watered down
And amnesty for all makes Heaven frown.
Yet on earth where we needs must live
We can be forgiven if we forgive.

Measure for Measure opened in Lakewood on August 1. Eight days later the President resigned. Truthfully, I hadn't expected the play to work its wonders so fast. Maybe the theater is a more powerful weapon than we realize. □

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Focus on the High Schools

During the decade of the Sixties, educational reform was concerned almost exclusively with the elementary schools and higher education. Although federal and foundation funds flowed freely into studies, experimental projects, and innovative practices in the lower schools and in the colleges and universities, the high schools were virtually ignored.

Now the focus is changing. In the past two or more years, the searchlight has been turned on the high schools and on the problems of adolescence by five national commissions supported by the Kettering and Ford foundations, the National Association of Secondary School Principals, the President's Science Advisory Committee, and most recently, the U.S. Office of Education. The recent report of the *National Panel on High Schools and Adolescent Education*, not released by the USOE at this writing, is the work of a diverse group chaired by John Henry Martin, former superintendent of schools and presently executive director of the ITA Foundation; the panel includes widely known scholars, students, and eminent representatives of a number of fields.

The panel is critical of the high schools today and leaves no doubt that it believes that fundamental changes are needed. But the language of its criticisms is restrained. It pays its respects to the accomplishments of an institution that it is convinced "will remain the keystone of this nation's educational system." It is within the context of this statement of faith, then, that the panel levels its measured criticisms of the schools:

• In our egalitarian effort to nurture a classless society by providing schools for all the children of all the people, it has been necessary to consolidate and centralize the schools into constantly larger complexes in order to justify economically a wide range of curricular offerings. But as these comprehensive high schools have grown in size, they have also increased their bureaucratic rigidities, "making provisions for human differences in learning styles, interests, and abilities more complex and difficult to achieve." Thus, in its attempt to meet the needs of all youth, education has failed to meet the individual needs of many—very possibly a majority.

• In an effort to keep the schools free of partisan politics and the pressures of vested interests, educators have isolated the schools from the community and from the informal but powerful "collateral education" that students receive from television and the other media, from work experience, and from other institutions in the community. Education has come to mean simply what happens in the schools.

• The successful absorption of the vast majority of teenaged adults into the self-contained high school has "decoupled" and alienated the generations, delayed the entry of youth into the real adult world, and deprived them of adult models, other than teachers and parents.

• Despite clear evidence that young people today mature physically two years earlier than their grandparents—and the assumption that there is comparable intellectual growth—the schools typically treat them as children. "We baby-sit, at very high cost during the day, the nation's night-time babysitters: we trust our infants to their care but impose childish and costly controls over them."

• Two of the basic missions of the comprehensive high school—education for citizenship and vocational training—are manifest failures. The authoritarian and bureaucratic rigidities of the typical school do not provide an environment conducive to training for democratic citizenship. And vocational education characteristically trains young people for jobs that no longer exist instead of for a future in which most individuals are likely to have a variety of occupations.

The panel, therefore, calls for a shift in emphasis from the comprehensive school to "comprehensive education" and argues that "the confines of one building [can] no longer contain all the valuable and necessary experience for today's young person." It would decentralize secondary education by moving part of it out into the community and by bringing more of the community back into the school in programs for the joint participation of "adolescent and other interested . . . adults in the community."

Three major areas are recommended as appropriate for this combined participation: education in the arts, vocational education, and education in the operations of government.

The panel recommends the creation of a community arts center, closely allied with the high school, in which local professionals and amateurs would give and receive instruction in any of the arts and crafts in which there was sufficient interest. "Our vision of the reintegration of the generations in activities where age is the most irrelevant of criteria for participation," the report notes, "should bring new vitality to learning, to the arts, and to community cohesion."

For vocational education, the panel would reduce the emphasis upon job training in the school and expand work experience, on-the-job training, resources for finding jobs, and career information, all carried on in the community. "With half the age group already in the work force, our suggestions are to facilitate the growth of employment opportunities for still more [students] as a necessary adjunct to formal education."

For citizenship education, the panel recommends that academic study of the social sciences should be supplemented by direct involvement of students in all the appropriate agencies of government within geographic reach. The involvement should offer such varied opportunities as voluntary interns and aides, part-time employment at adult wages, and short-term observation tied to school seminars and classes.

Among numerous other recommendations, the panel calls for a gradual shortening of the school day to two to four hours—the time it found that is actually devoted to instruction in the schools—and for a reemphasizing of the "basic role of the high school as society's only universal institution for the education of the intellect."

Members of the panel assert that they were attempting to devise fundamental reforms that would be both feasible and realistic. How realistic their recommendations will prove to be remains to be seen. But Chairman Martin is careful to point out that the report should not be considered a blueprint. "Rather," he writes, "we would urge that our recommendations be seen as general concepts in need of critical analysis and design for adaptation to local circumstances. Skepticism is a trait in need of cultivation in education."

James Cass
Education Editor

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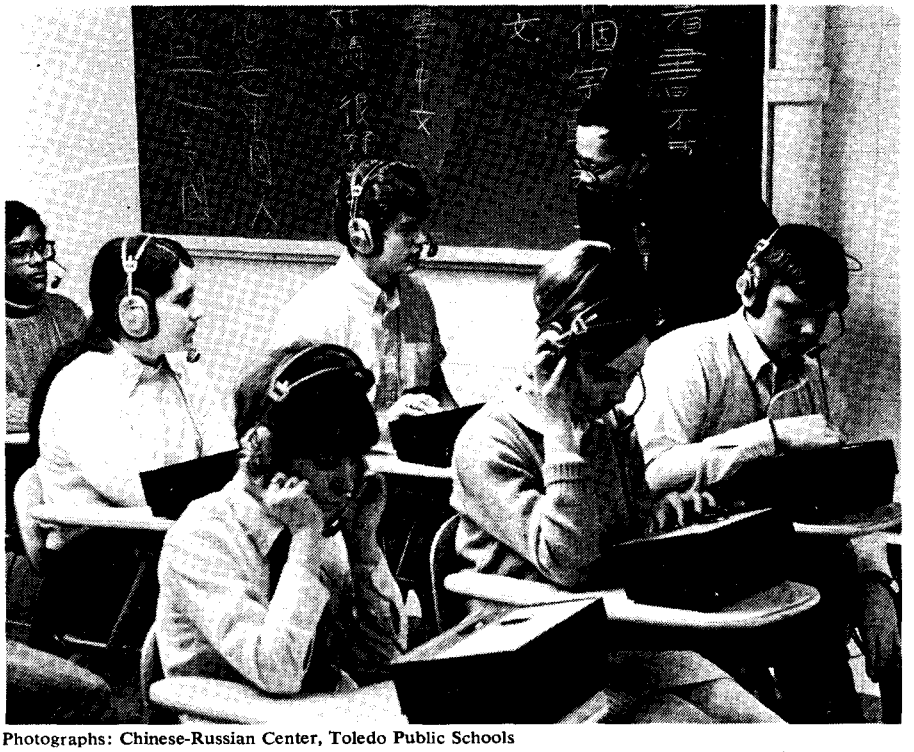
Education

A Case of Cavalier Neglect

Asian studies are neglected in our public schools despite China-U.S. accords and our involvement in Southeast Asia.



Photographs: Chinese-Russian Center, Toledo Public Schools

Using audio-lingual techniques, Toledo students learn to speak Chinese.

by Jane Hamilton-Merritt

American public education has a long history of ignoring the rest of the world—except perhaps Western Europe and England, with which the United States has strong cultural and linguistic ties. Charles Tuttle, president of Charles E. Tuttle Co., Inc., of Tokyo—one of the largest publishers of English-language books about subjects Oriental—says of his undergraduate days at Harvard in the mid-Thirties: "Even at Harvard, Asia was not mentioned. In History I, there was mention of the Mongols' pushing westward to Turkey and something of Teddy Roosevelt's involvement in the Russo-Japanese war settlement, but that was about all."

Today, four decades and two détentes later, the situation hasn't changed all that much: at least 90 percent of the students now in American high schools will graduate without any exposure to a culture markedly different from their own. The most recent statistics available show that in the school year 1970–71 only 1.5 percent of students in the seventh through twelfth grades were enrolled in either an Asian or an African course. Percentages may have risen this year, but no educator will predict a student enrollment of more than 10 percent for Asian studies. Many believe that the figure may be as low as 1 percent.

Such cavalier neglect of Asian and African studies produces, inevitably, bizarre national stereotypes of the kind that recently came to light when a tenth-grade history class in rural southern Ohio began its study of China. For the 32 students, whose parents are for the most part factory workers, the class was an eye-opening first encounter with a non-Western society. Having realized that it would be, the teacher asked the children to give him, as their first assignment, their impressions of China and its people. Dutifully, the students noted: short people with yellow skin, slanted eyes, pigtails, long moustaches; starving millions, Ping-Pong, rice; Communist government, large families, rickshas, Geisha girls, Buddha dolls, Kung Fu, women workers; and ". . . monasteries where they put all those guys and don't let them date."

But aren't such stereotypes being changed by our Vietnam phaseout and by our general "opening to the East"? After all, there have been important recent developments in U.S.-Asian relations: a new era of accommodations with China; the wrenching effects of U.S. military and economic involvement in Southeast Asia; the intense interdependency of the Japanese and U.S. economies; the U.S. search for energy sources in Asia; and the American interest in martial arts and Oriental philosophies and cultural fads.

Unfortunately, these enormous social and cultural changes have not brought about corresponding revisions in school curricula. In the few schools that do offer Asian studies, the focus is usually on one of the "Big Three"—India, China, and Japan—to the exclusion of a vital area such as Southeast Asia.

This, despite the fact that our proposed foreign-aid budget for fiscal 1975 calls for Indochina to receive $3.7 billion, or over 50 percent of all foreign aid. According to an estimate in a Bucknell University study, costs of the Vietnam war will carry over into the twenty-first century; Vietnam and Southeast Asia nevertheless remain blank spaces on classroom maps and study plans.

"Vietnam is undoubtedly the most expensive mistake in the history of mankind, and yet we in this country are not interested in finding out why," says Guy Gran, an expert with the Indochina Resources Center in Washington, D.C. Explanations for this curious situation abound, but the simple truth is that many so-called educated people still believe that Southeast Asians are "gooks"—primitive peoples without a distinctive culture, art, and history.

"Unfortunately, Americans have never had a love affair with Southeast Asia as they have had with India and maybe China," says Husni Pane, an Indonesian diplomat. "Blame for this dearth of interest in Southeast Asia lies, in part, with the countries themselves.

Jane Hamilton-Merritt is a former social-studies teacher and an author of two books about Southeast Asia.

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. . . There are so few of us Southeast Asians living in the United States that most Americans have never known one."

Prof. Jonathan Spence, a transplanted Englishman who is now a sinologist in Yale's history department, says, "Our present perceptions about Southeast Asia are inherited. There existed for a century major centers for inquiry into China and India, with Japan's more recent entry making a Big Three. These countries were studied for their classical riches. That may have been enough at that time, for it absorbed all available energy. But we, today, are still living with that inheritance."

One critical problem is the lack of teachers qualified to give courses dealing with Asia—whether in the social sciences, humanities, or arts. Few teacher-training institutions make any effort to acquaint prospective teachers with non-Western civilizations. In fact, recent research reveals that only about 8 to 10 percent of young people studying to become teachers are systematically exposed to international education. Few state-certification boards require that those studying to become social-studies teachers take any courses in non-Western studies.

Many teachers admit that they are woefully unqualified to teach Asian studies. A teacher who had taught courses on India in a Wilmington, Del., school recalls her lack of training. "As a recipient of an NDEA grant for study in India, I spent a year in Asia. After that year I realized that I had held a tabloid-journalism view of Asia. Oh, how I now wished I had General Motors' power to recall cars with design defects! I wanted to recall my students. I wanted to tell them, 'I lied to you about India.' "

"Most American colleges and universities teach history and philosophy from a European point of view," notes Hiroki Kato, a sinologist from Japan who now teaches at Earlham College. "If great wisdoms are quoted, they are never from Sun Yat-sen or great Indian thinkers but from Greco-Roman traditions."

Because the teachers who are asked —or forced—to teach in these areas lack the proper background, they often find the retreading process difficult, unrewarding, threatening, and humiliating. The textbooks available to them offer little help. A Washington-based educator denounces textbook publishers as "the gate-keepers of the archaic" and their accomplices, the local textbook-adoption agencies, as "those who retain their bias through book selections."

Federal funds for international education, which could make a big difference, are in very short supply, continuing a decline that began in the early Seventies. The Institute of International

Toledo's Unique Chinese-Russian Studies Center

The Chinese-Russian Center in Toledo, Ohio, is a unique public high-school program that concentrates on the critically important but neglected area of Sino-Russian studies, combining four-year language courses in Mandarin Chinese and Russian with studies in Russian and Asian history and culture.

Courses adopt a cross-cultural approach, with emphasis on literature, art, music, and customs, designed for the purpose of encouraging students to examine their own life-styles in comparison with those of China and Russia to gain insight into both. In addition to classroom work, individual study provides students with a chance to pursue their own particular interests, working independently on such diverse projects as depicting the evolution of Chinese characters from the pictorial to the abstract, composing and performing cello variations on a Chinese theme, and compiling a Russian cookbook.

Language teachers, natives of Taiwan and Russia, provide students with a built-in "culture shock," allowing them to examine and question cultural differences at first hand.

In learning Mandarin Chinese, students are trained to "look for the picture" and discover the sense of humor often expressed in Chinese characters. For example, the symbol for *trouble* is two women under one roof; that for *peace,* one woman under one roof. Taught both romanized and traditional characters, students receive a carefully controlled vocabulary of approximately 500 characters per year, with advanced students achieving 3,000 and more after four years of study. Beginning in the first year, Chinese is spoken in the classroom 90 percent of the time.

The Mandarin Chinese program has an enrollment of approximately 70 high-school students, with 75 percent continuing throughout the four years. Enrollment in Russian, which is a difficult language because of its complicated grammar, numbers 75. The balance of the 300 students who participate in the center are enrolled in electives in Imperial Chinese and modern Chinese history, Imperial Russian and Soviet Russian history, and Asian studies.

THE PROGRAM WAS FUNDED in 1965 as the first Title III project in Ohio, and it is one of the few to continue successful operation after federal monies were withdrawn. Now supported by the Toledo Board of Education, the center accepts students from public, parochial, and neighboring suburban schools, and its facilities are available to all members of the metropolitan Toledo educational community.

Ironically, the center has received more publicity in Russia via the U.S. Information Agency than it has in the United States. The USIA used the Toledo program as an example of what American schools are teaching —although no other school has followed its lead.

Despite inquiries from every state in the Union, as well as Germany and Australia, other school districts have hesitated to establish similar centers. Norman Klee, center director, believes this apathy is the result of a mistaken conception that the courses would not attract a significant number of interested students and are too difficult to be introduced at the high-school level.

After participating in the program, several students have gone on to attain Ph.D.s in Oriental Studies and continue their study of Chinese, and one boy was admitted directly from high school to the graduate program in Mandarin Chinese at Middlebury College.

ELIZABETH PAPPS and
PATRICIA OSBORN

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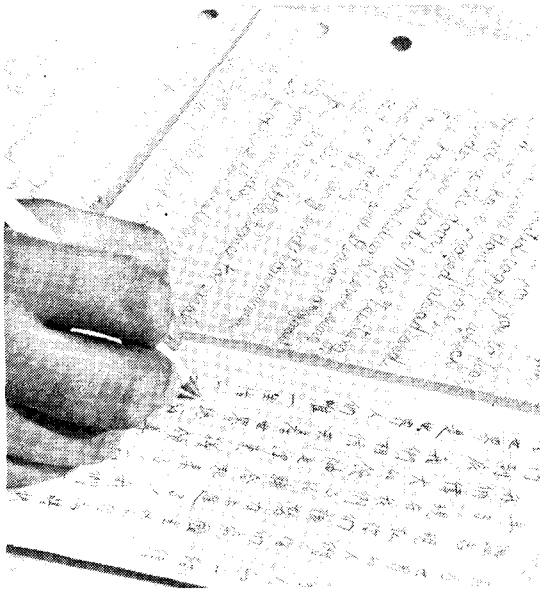

Studying Mandarin Chinese—First, look for the picture, then for the laugh.

Education budget fell from $12.5 million in 1973 to an expected $8.7 million for fiscal 1975—half the cost of one F-14 jet fighter.

Many history teachers do not yet think it necessary that non-Western countries be studied. North Carolina may be the only state where interest in Asian and other non-Western areas permeates the public-education system. There, a nineteenth-century social-studies curriculum has been discarded and replaced with programs that prepare youth for the twenty-first century.

Why this academic breakthrough in North Carolina? Enlightened leadership is one answer, but there are more tangible reasons. The state's public schools get the cooperation of 80 percent of the Asian scholars resident in local colleges and universities. And they have received generous financial assistance: roughly $150,000 from the National Endowment for the Humanities, $50,000 from the U.S. Office of Education, and $100,000 from two North Carolina foundations—Babcock and E. Smith Reynolds. In North Carolina, seventh-grade students take a one-semester Asian cultural geography course, and high-school students may elect courses ranging from a six-week "mini" course to a full-year interdisciplinary Asian course. An estimated one-sixth of North Carolina's social-studies curricula from grades 7 to 12 is devoted to Asia.

ELSEWHERE in the United States, the setting up of Asian-study programs is lagging far behind student interest in "things Asian." Interest in Eastern philosophies, the occult, astrology, and transcendental meditation all have led high-school students to sign up for the courses available. The dullness of other courses available to them appears to be a reason, too. In every class I interviewed, students complained especially of uninteresting and repetitious courses in American history. Also, a large number of students admitted to watching the television program "Kung Fu." Surprisingly, more than a few "Kung Fu" watchers felt that the attraction was not just the martial arts but also the flashbacks in which the child learns "Oriental wisdom" from the old master, and the alternative set of principles upon which the star of "Kung Fu" bases his decisions.

Since the early Seventies, Asian departments of colleges and universities —partially because of federal-grant stipulations—have been trying to retread teachers through "in-service" workshops and seminars. The catchword for this process is "outreach." Because higher education takes a rather disdainful view of outreach, the programs have had limited success. Thus far, academe has not recognized work with high-school teachers, curriculum development, or high-school students as a legitimate pursuit for scholars. Some schools have tried to solve this problem by assigning outreach activities to graduate students. Although this approach does have merit, graduate students eventually leave, and consequently outreach programs often lack continuity.

Even where bona fide scholars can be enrolled in behalf of outreach, the path is not smooth. Teachers in outreach programs often feel that the academic experts have little knowledge of, or concern for, school problems and that the Asian scholars are condescending to them. The scholars say in return that they are appalled by the lack of knowledge of teachers involved in outreach. One outreach scholar from a prestigious East Coast university was shocked to find that some participating teachers could not even pronounce the name *Confucius*.

Yet there are some successful outreach programs. One is the Denver Area CHINA Project, directed by Prof. Daniel Lovelace of Colorado Women's College. The project has developed a usable Chinese-curriculum unit and—perhaps more importantly—a new respect between scholars and classroom teachers. The Institute of International Education funds 50 government-selected university language and foreign-area centers, and it requires that part of these monies be spent on their outreach programs. In 1973, however, an average of only 10.8 percent was spent on outreach activities, with the 16 Asian centers spending even less—East Asian 5.5 percent, South Asian 7.6 percent, and Southeast Asian 0.6 percent. Also needed are clearing houses for the evaluation of Asian materials for pre-college use. One such facility now available is *Focus on Asian Studies*, a quarterly magazine published by Prof. Franklin Buchanan of Ohio State University.

WHILE THE U.S. education establishment creeps and bumps into the era of Asian studies, Asians themselves are giving real encouragement to American colleges offering courses in Far Eastern studies. Recently Japan, through a combination of industrial and government funds, granted to U.S. institutions of higher learning more than $24 million for Japanese studies—an unprecedented step for an Asian nation. Harvard received at least $4 million from the Japanese government and the Toyota, Mitsubishi, and Nissan corporations. Princeton, Colorado, California at Berkeley, Chicago, Hawaii, Michigan, Stanford, Washington, and Yale each received $1 million. And the Sumitomo Corporation granted Yale's Japanese-studies program an additional $2 million.

It is not clear whether this money was given as a public-relations move to assuage U.S. fears over unfavorable trade balances or to ensure that future generations of Americans would be knowledgeable about the Japanese. Whatever the motive, an East Coast international business executive points out, "The Japanese have slapped us in the face by pointing out deficiencies in our lackadaisical approach to the study of non-Western societies."

Obviously, it will take more than a slap to get Asian studies into American secondary schools. But in the new mood of purposiveness about national goals that seems to be prevailing in this country, it may well be that for once we will adopt a needful program for its own sake, not because there are *Sputniks* overhead and foreign submarines lurking offshore. □

The foregoing article is adapted from the author's recent study on the status of Asian Studies in the United States.

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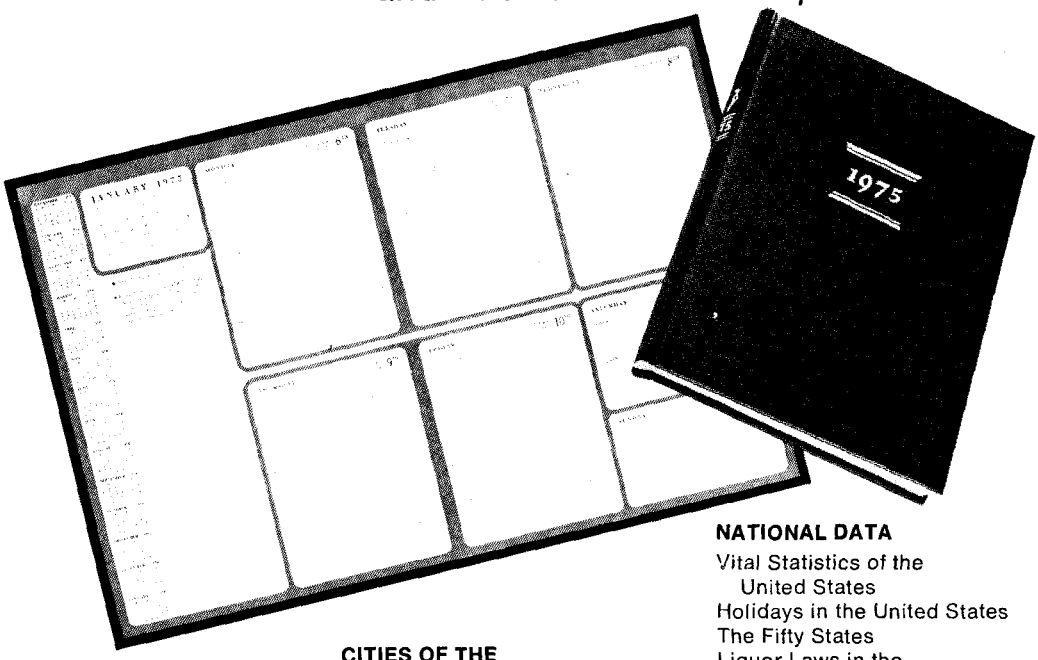

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Education

Lawrence Cremin: Looking Toward the Heights

by Fred M. Hechinger

Earlier this year, when a search committee had asked for names of potential candidates for the presidency of Teachers College, Columbia University, one of the respondents said somewhat testily: "If you can give me a good reason why the job is not going to Larry Cremin, I shall think of some names." In May, the trustees announced that Lawrence Arthur Cremin, holder of the Frederick A. P. Barnard Chair of Education and director of the Institute of Philosophy and Politics of Education, had been named the institution's seventh president.

Although nobody at T.C., as the school is generally known, questioned the wisdom of the trustees' choice, many in academic circles expressed instant surprise concerning Cremin's acceptance. The 48-year-old scholar had acquired something of a reputation as a chronic rejector of academic posts, which reportedly included at one time the well-nigh-irresistible deanship of Harvard's Graduate School of Education, along with a long list of academic presidencies. Widely known as a brilliant lecturer and a devoted mentor of promising graduate students, Cremin had established himself in a near-unique position as a professor of education who also ranked high as an academic historian. In the days when 120th Street, which runs between T.C. and Columbia, was often characterized as the world's widest avenue, Cremin enjoyed full respectability on both sides of the great divide. After he had authored *The Transformation of the School* in 1961—an outstanding historical work about the rise, fall, and subliminal impact of progressive education, which earned him the Bancroft Prize in American History—Columbia's purists acknowledged his ambidexterity by awarding him an additional appointment to the university's Department of History.

Fred M. Hechinger, former education editor of The New York Times, *is a member of the Editorial Board of that newspaper. He is co-author of the forthcoming book* The Impact of Education on American Society.

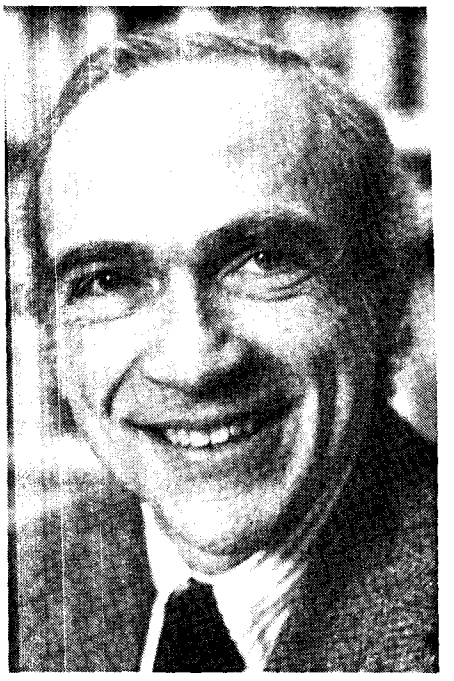
Cremin for the past 10 years, with research support from the American Historical Association, the Carnegie Corporation of New York, and the United States Office of Education, has been working on a definitive, three-volume history of American education, the first of which, *American Education: The Colonial Experience*, was published—considerably behind schedule—in 1970.

Against such a background of continuing commitments to scholarship, a record of spurned administrative opportunities and membership on prestigious foundation and publications boards, why did Cremin weaken now? Some friends offered the explanation that he had turned down all previous offers, not because he loved them less, but because he loved New York more; though probably a factor, this is hardly the whole story. True, Cremin is deeply rooted in his native New York—he graduated from the now-defunct elite Townsend Harris High School and from City College and took both his Master's and Ph.D. degrees from Columbia. His own answer about "25 years of collegiality and the chance to come in without a fight and with so much goodwill" is probably also something of an oversimplification.

Even spending a quarter of a century at T.C. would not have been likely to persuade Cremin now to try to crowd his life with scholarship—he has vowed to continue his research unabated—*and* administration, had he not sensed some confluence of historic and political reasons. The best explanation is that he seeks a platform for a point of view and a philosophy—for himself, for T.C., and for American education.

Once a focal point for John Dewey's revolutionary ideas, T.C. subsequently fell victim to the intellectual foundering of Dewey's disciples. It may well have been the institution's peculiar misfortune that its fame persisted beyond the days of its true glory. When the nation's scorn ultimately turned against Dewey's heirs —the much-maligned "Dewey-eyed" professors of education—T.C. was unfairly singled out as the villain and was held responsible for what had become a national trend that could not justly be traced any longer to any one institutional source.

A dozen years ago, as education reaped the problems of American society, and particularly the bitter harvest of segregation, T.C. vigorously met these challenges. Dr. John H. Fischer, whose past distinction as an outstanding school superintendent who had courageously integrated Baltimore's schools, was the right man at the right time at the right place; he was appointed T.C.'s sixth president. The priorities in American education then were down-to-earth and urgent. Fischer understood them.



Teachers College, Columbia University
New T.C. President Cremin—"Chance to come in without a fight."

Today the priorities are more complex and—particularly because public attention appears temporarily to have turned away from education—more elusive. Much of the action in education is uncertain because a philosophical base is lacking. The philosophies are blurred, in part for want of a forum for debate. In Dewey's day T.C. and the University of Chicago were the rostrum and the testing ground of ideas. But after the schools of education had been discredited, the universities considered pedagogy beneath their dignity, except occasionally to attack it for a bit of intellectual bear-baiting. For a brief period, expectations rose for Harvard when the near-defunct School of Education was reactivated by James B. Conant and moved into the limelight by Francis Keppel. But, as at T.C., the pragmatic problems of harassed school administrators left little time and energy for the more searching debate of the great philosophical issues.

Today there are some good schools of education (among them T.C., Harvard, Stanford, Berkeley, Wisconsin, to name only a few) but no great ones—not great enough, at any rate, to sponsor the kind of debate that might once again help to transform the schools.

Cremin is convinced that such an in-depth reappraisal is absolutely crucial.

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As much as 10 years ago, he had charged: "Historians shied away from the very difficult question of the effect of the schools on the American mind and character. We have tended to look at the schools as a reflection of other institutions."

And in what was then a heretical aside, he added: "I conceive of education as more than merely institutional schooling. Education involves everything from a child's earliest parental training to what he sees on TV."

In *The Transformation of the School*, Cremin had stressed that Dewey's relevance to his time sprang from his being a student of history and philosophy as well as a social and educational reformer. At a time when social reforms were desperately needed, Dewey recalled the school "from isolation to the center of the struggle for a better life." Cremin draws an obvious lesson from the past for our time.

Looking at the scene today, he cites three points that ought to shape a new debate:

- First, that education goes forward in many institutions—families and day-care centers, churches and synagogues, libraries and museums, boy-scout troops and agricultural fairs—and that the schools, while crucially important, are only one among these many institutions.
- Second, that we have been living through a revolutionary period in American education, during which the relationship between schools and other educative institutions (especially the family and television) has been changing very rapidly.
- And third, that in the broad perspective of history, popular education is a very young and very recent phenomenon about which we still must learn an immense amount before it can deliver what is now expected of it.

In sharp contrast to other members of a profession who like to place their own enterprise—the school—at the center of the universe, Cremin speaks instead, and not at all condescendingly, of the great variety of curricula with which children are bombarded virtually from birth—the curricula of the parents and grandparents (often at loggerheads with each other), of the ministers and rabbis, of the advertisers of toys and cereals, of the 4-H Clubs and scouts, and, of course, of all the mass of printed literature ranging from nursery rhymes to encyclopedias.

"Education involves everything from a child's earliest parental training to what he sees on TV."

The schools, Cremin warns, must know all of those curricula, not necessarily to approve of them, but to understand them, even if only to help children develop values by which they can make judgments.

In a field that looks down on television, Cremin flatly extols its educational impact—though not necessarily always its quality. He urges educators to reassess their world against the perspective of this fundamental change. "Now, if one assumes, as I do," Cremin says, "that television teaches—and not only through programs specifically labeled educational but also through news broadcasts and documentaries (which presumably inform), through commercials (which teach people to want), and through soap operas (which reinforce certain common myths and values)—then the very fact that television in 96 percent of our homes is looked at six hours a day constitutes a revolution in education."

Cremin rejects the currently fashionable claim that schools have failed or, in any case, don't matter; he feels that, given the size of the task, education has done better for this industrial society than one had a right to expect, but not nearly well enough for a self-congratulatory repose on pedagogy's laurels. He is troubled, but not paralyzed, by education's monumental ignorance about the reasons why school works for some but not for others; why one mother more readily than another nurtures curiosity in a child; why one youngster uses a public library for self-instruction and another for mischievous destruction. He does not claim to know the answers but wants to help find them.

To be effective, Cremin believes, a comprehensive science of education must be built by drawing on many disciplines—psychology, anthropology, medicine, and so forth—and the faculties of education must be in closest relationship with the rest of the university, the schools of divinity as well as of journalism, the department of sociology and history. "I'm no megalomaniac about the faculty of education as the source of education," he says.

"We must learn to make knowledge and skills available when they are needed," he continues. "You can never give all the necessary specialized knowledge to every future teacher, and the result is a lack of it in what the teacher needs when he or she needs it. Teachers should be able to learn those special skills quickly and with a vengeance, for the specific job or situation."

Cremin is intense and articulate when he sketches his goals. Not naturally gregarious (one of his objections to Dewey was that he was too intent on being "a good mixer" at the expense of focusing on the individual), he participates better in small group conversations than in large crowds. When he is involved in writing, he prefers the paperbag lunch at his desk to the academic small talk of a more leisurely break. He winces at the suggestion of a formal inauguration, and he has already announced that he will not move into the President's House on Morningside Heights but will continue living—with the emphatic approval of his wife, Charlotte—in their apartment on the upper East Side.

Except for tennis, Cremin's interests are singlemindedly intellectual. Though he is close to his wife and his teenage son and daughter, their familial relationship focuses on cerebral concerns—the music they either enjoy or practice and Dad's research, in which the whole family assists—the children even by way of formal summer employment.

WHAT LAWRENCE CREMIN seeks for himself, for T.C., and for American education is a forum for a new understanding of "the relationship between education and the social ideals to which we aspire. Any narrow definition of education that ignores the large issues of society is just not sufficient. Without a sense of values, what the school may teach will be immediately undone by TV or politics.

"Any conception of education not tied to questions of societal values is dangerous," he warns. "The battle of who licenses cable TV may be a more important educational issue than many apparently more obvious concerns.

"The job of authentic liberalism today," as Cremin sees it, "is to find an alternative to the extreme swings back and forth of the pendulum—from the free schools to the rigid Three Rs." □

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Light Refractions

by Thomas H. Middleton

Changes

Language doesn't stand still. To attempt to nail it into place and then say this is how it is and ever will be is a waste of time. It can be done only with a dead language—one that is not used in the daily commerce of living people. Those who would try to pin it down and hold it still remind me of Lieutenant Scheisskopf in *Catch-22*, who wanted to nail his men to a long two-by-four and put swivels in their backs, so that they could win parades.

Most people take the language for granted, of course, but many of us think not only *in* the language but *about* it. We're the ones who are often put off by strange locutions—sometimes with very good reason and sometimes for no reason at all.

A few weeks ago, I was drowsy and getting ready to sleep while the television set was beaming a talk show into the bedroom. Juliet Prowse was being interviewed, and I heard her say, "I don't think too many people realize how much work it takes to be a dancer." As I mentioned, I was drowsy, and my mind was idling out of gear. I wondered how many people would have to realize how much work it takes before Juliet Prowse said, "Hey, that's too many people!" Obviously, what she'd meant was simply "very many people."

I even made a note that I should write something about this misuse of the word *too*.

Well, it was late, and I was tuned in to that pre-sleep frequency in which vague, inchoate propositions can become crystalline absolutes. The next morning, of course, I realized that everyone uses *too* in that sense: "How was the play?" "Not too good." "Is she a good dancer?" "Not too." It's a perfectly acceptable idiom.

I looked into my dictionaries to see what *they* had to say about statements like "I don't think too many people realize." All my dictionaries, even the ancient *Oxford English Dictionary*, agree that *too* can mean "very." Webster's Third says, "Extremely, extravagantly, very." O.E.D. gets a bit sexist about it, saying, "Excessively, extremely, exceedingly, very. (Now chiefly an emotional feminine colloquialism.)" It goes on to say, "*None too* . . . 'somewhat insufficiently.' "

I have a feeling that the lexicographers who set down "extremely, extravagantly, very" for *too* sensed at the time that *too* shouldn't really mean that. But it does.

I REMEMBER an evening several years ago when my son had gone to the movies. After he had come home, I asked him, "How was the picture?" He shrugged and said, "Not all that good." The expression "not all that good," as far as I know, was fairly new at the time. I'd heard it a few times and been faintly irked by it. I mean I wasn't all that happy with it. So I called Tommy on it. "What do you mean, it wasn't all that good? How good was it supposed to be?" Naturally, he didn't know what I was talking about; so I explained that "all that good" implied an antecedent standard of goodness that the film, in his opinion, had not attained. If, for instance, the film had been plugged as the best of the decade, then "not all that good" would mean, perhaps, that he thought the film was good, but not all *that* good—not, that is, the best of the decade.

I know that there are few greater bores than pedantic conversational nitpickers, and I've been aware for many years that although Tommy has a certain amount of respect for the proper use of language, he is only a lukewarm grammarian; so I was pleasantly surprised when he saw exactly what I had in mind, grinned, and said, "Hey, that's right! Far out!"

That was a few years ago. Now, the fact is that "all that" is an idiom which has become part of the language, for better or worse. It's not yet listed in many dictionaries, but the editors of *Webster's New World Dictionary* recognize it. Under *that*, they list "all that (Colloq.) 1. so very; used in negative constructions (he isn't *all that* rich)."

And so the changes go on. The only permanent thing is flux. Some of the language becomes archaic as new idioms and new words join the family. Lovers of the language will inevitably deplore certain neologisms, but the neologisms will die only of their own deficiencies and not by fiat. Phrases like "at this point in time," for instance, will fade out because they are ponderous, but "it's not all that good" is not all that bad. It will have a life in the language, and we'll live with it. □

"I'll trade you 14 across for 17 down."

Answer to *Wit Twister* (see page 23): tuber, brute, rebut.

Answer to *Literary Crypt No. 19* (see page 29): There is no such thing as a moral or immoral book. Books are well written or badly written. That is all.
Oscar Wilde

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Double-Crostic No. 59

by Thomas H. Middleton

1 B	2 R	3 C		4 T	5 E	6 V	7 I	8 F	9 S	10 J	11 N		12 X	13 Q	14 T	15 U	16 R
17 I	18 S	19 B		20 J	21 H	22 F	23 W		24 V	25 T	26 G	27 X	28 K	29 D	30 Q		31 J
32 X		33 N	34 G	35 V		36 H	37 C	38 X		39 I	40 V		41 V	42 C	43 E	44 J	
45 T	46 D	47 W	48 Q		49 P	50 E	51 X		52 M	53 I	54 H	55 G	56 C	57 W	58 O	59 D	
60 B	61 T	62 G	63 L		64 W	65 K	66 D		67 N	68 R	69 Q	70 M	71 D	72 L	73 I	74 T	
75 C	76 E	77 I	78 T	79 M	80 D	81 Z	82 S		83 N	84 W		85 G	86 K	87 L	88 Y	89 D	90 P
	91 F	92 X	93 B	94 U	95 J	96 T		97 Z	98 G	99 L		100 D	101 H	102 V		103 O	104 J
105 Z	106 M	107 U		108 F	109 J	110 V		111 D	112 P	113 U	114 G	115 I	116 O	117 X	118 Q		119 Z
120 T		121 D	122 H	123 R	124 Z	125 I	126 L	127 P	128 J	129 E		130 O	131 U		132 F	133 I	134 X
135 H	136 Y	137 K	138 A		139 Z	140 Q		141 J	142 I	143 W	144 S		145 R	146 B	147 U	148 N	
149 J	150 Y		151 X	152 N	153 A		154 M	155 K	156 I	157 H	158 S	159 V	160 D		161 P	162 V	
163 B	164 Q	165 A		166 O	167 P	168 M	169 D	170 Z		171 S	172 T		173 G	174 X	175 J	176 N	177 P
	178 T	179 S	180 N	181 M	182 Y	183 D	184 U	185 J		186 K	187 R	188 H	189 X	190 B	191 V	192 Q	
193 W	194 A		195 F	196 B	197 H	198 P	199 E	200 I	201 Q	202 X	203 A	204 T	205 C	206 W	207 L		208 M
209 H	210 P	211 B	212 W	213 O	214 Z												

INSTRUCTIONS

If you've never solved one of these puzzles, it will probably look much more difficult than it actually is. If you can answer only a very few of the WORDS correctly, you're on your way to solving the puzzle.

Fill in the numbered blanks of all the WORDS you can guess, and write the letter of each numbered blank in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. The letters printed in the upper-right-hand corners of the squares indicate from what WORD a particular square's letter comes.

The diagram, when filled in, should read as a quotation from a published work. The dark squares are the spaces between words. If there is no dark square at the end of a line, a word may carry over to the line below.

The first letter of each WORD, reading down, will spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.

You should find yourself seeing words and phrases taking form in the diagram; so you can work back and forth, from WORDS to diagram and from diagram to WORDS, until the diagram is filled in.

CLUES	WORDS
A. Old alluvial deposit	138 153 165 194 203
B. *Assistants, esp. military*	211 60 93 146 163 190 196 1 19
C. Feature of a pitcher's *mound*	37 42 75 205 3 56
D. Good, useful, workmanlike activity (2 wds.)	59 66 89 111 160 169 29 46 71 80 100 121 183
E. *Reduced to pulp*	199 5 43 50 76 129
F. President; King	22 91 108 132 195 8
G. Chinese mixed-fruit relish (comp.)	26 34 55 62 85 98 114 173
H. Sea urchin or starfish, perhaps	188 197 21 36 54 122 135 157 101 209
I. Sulfuric acid (3 wds.)	7 39 77 133 200 17 53 73 115 125 142 156
J. "If the blind lead the blind, both shall fall _____" (3 wds.; Matthew, 15:14)	175 185 10 31 44 104 128 141 149 20 95 109
K. Island, N.W. Hawaii, W. of Kauai	137 155 186 65 86 28
L. "But I've _____ men and more that are lying sick ashore" (Tennyson, "The Revenge")	63 72 87 99 126 207
M. Veteran (comp.)	70 106 154 181 208 52 79 168

CLUES	WORDS
N. *Cadenced*	180 148 11 33 152 67 83 176
O. What reigns at 30 years of age, according to Franklin (2 wds.)	58 166 213 103 116 130
P. *Pickle; ticklish business* (2 wds.)	177 198 49 210 161 90 112 127 167
Q. Plant living within another *plant*	13 69 192 201 48 164 118 140 30
R. City of the Marne dept., France; center of the Champagne industry	187 2 16 68 123 145
S. Offensive, disgusting	144 171 9 82 179 158 18
T. "_____, It Ain't on Speaking Terms with Me" (1902 song by J. F. Helf; 3 wds.)	78 172 4 61 178 25 74 96 204 14 45 120
U. Be glad; express delight	184 94 113 131 15 147 107
V. The running on of the thought from one line, *stanza, or couplet* to the next	35 191 6 102 41 24 159 110 162 40
W. Author of the puppet *show script in Jonson's Bartholomew Fair*	212 57 23 64 206 47 143 193 84
X. 1892 song by C. K. Harris (3 wds.)	27 32 151 51 202 117 174 92 12 38 189 134
Y. City of S.E. Serbia, Yugoslavia; site of the Tower of Skulls	88 136 150 182
Z. Thin cotton fabrics woven with *stripes or checks* of heavier yarn	214 105 124 119 97 139 81 170

Answer to *Double-Crostic No. 58* appears on page 35.

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(Continued from page 10.)

ence were scooping up buttons by the handful, thus showing their opinion of their country's anti-abortion law. Goldberg and Langley were forthwith told politely but firmly to stop giving the buttons away.

Predictably, the conference was hardly underway when international and ideological polarities began to take shape at governmental and non-governmental gatherings. Westerners, newly conscious that there might be limits to economic growth, and Asians, who saw their countries choked with people, concentrated on the need for reducing population increase. But meanwhile an unlikely (and in some eyes unholy) alliance of Communists, Catholics, and Africans resisted any effort to limit population as an end in itself and opposed any priority for family planning.

Some of these countries, it soon became clear, *want* to increase their population for economic, political, or religious reasons. Other countries resist white, Western birth-control "missionaries," whom they see as part of a genocidal conspiracy to restrict the growth of black nations. Almost all the "antis" object to calls for population control from countries that have a small minority of the world's people yet consume the major portion of the world's resources.

These "resisting" countries claim that the world's problems call for a "new economic order" in which rich nations will at last give poor nations the technology, the terms of trade, the capital —in short, the economic justice—that they need. This new order would, they say, produce real economic development. In turn, development would bring to the poor countries the same "demographic transition" that it has already brought to the advanced nations. The first step in that transition, low mortality rates, has already begun in developing countries, and world life expectancy now averages an astonishing 55 years —a happy statistic yet one of the chief causes of a population crisis. The second stage of the transition, low fertility rates, still escapes most developing countries. When they develop enough to reach stage two, this argument says, the population crisis will be resolved.

By far the most promising conference development was the substantial consensus on two major, closely related approaches to the overpopulation problem. One approach, agreed on by everyone from John D. Rockefeller III to the Chinese vice-minister of health, holds that population policy must be integrated into social and economic development rather than be considered merely a matter of birth control.

The second consensus-approach, growing out of the first, is the World Population Plan of Action adopted by the conference. This plan aims at encouraging nations to develop patterns of growth that would stabilize world population at 12.3 billion by about the year 2125—just over three times the present level—instead of quadrupling to 16 billion. The plan could conceivably lead to an earlier leveling off at 9.3 billion. But so many countries will not even try to follow the plan, and so many that do try will fail, that nobody here took the "low" projection as a serious possibility.

The agreement on making family planning a part of economic development has been in the making for some time. Rockefeller, a shy man who has had to learn painfully how to make a public appearance, dramatized this new approach when he spoke before a standing-room-only crowd at one of the non-governmental meetings. He said that after 40 years of single-minded and financially generous devotion to birth control—including service as chairman of the U.S. Population Commission—he had come to believe that family planning alone is not adequate to improve the quality of people's lives.

Rockefeller called for a reappraisal of all population-control efforts and said about his change of mind, "I now strongly believe that the only viable course is to place population policy solidly within the context of general economic and social development in such a manner that it will be accepted at the highest levels of government and adequately supported. This approach recognizes that rapid population growth is only one among many problems facing most countries and that it is a multiplier and intensifier of other problems rather than the cause of them. It recognizes that reducing population growth is not an alternative to development but an essential part of it for most countries."

THE CONSENSUS THAT ROCKEFELLER symbolized was clearly intended to allay the fears of countries which insisted that development must come before population programs—that indeed, as India and Nigeria had put it, "the best contraceptive is economic development." Yet this idea, that development and demographic transition on the classical model can be achieved for all by changing the world economic system, was characterized by one diplomat as "more demagoguery than demography." The new consensus certainly ignores the fact that although the population of Europe grew only 1.5 percent a year during the Industrial Revolution, most nations of the Third World are pursuing their revolution in an era when their populations are growing 2.3 to 3.5 percent a year. They are trying to develop, in other words, while adding to their populations millions upon millions of people whose demands for food, basic

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goods, and public services will prevent them from accumulating capital and thereby increasing productivity as fast as Europe and North America did.

SOME OF THESE COUNTRIES argued against conventional approaches to family planning here while doing different things at home. Brazil, for instance, which wants to double its 105 million population as a step toward becoming a great power, attacked the Plan of Action sharply for assuming that population grows exponentially while natural resources are finite and the supply of food rigid. But Brazil still felt constrained to announce here that it now regards family planning as a human right. Private groups in Brazil have been spending $3 million a year on birth-control advice and materials, but the Brazilian state will now provide both advice and contraceptive services to ensure that birth control is available to the country's poor as well as the rich.

China also generally voted with the opponents of family planning and with the critics of the Plan of Action despite the fact that her Asian neighbors favored both. Yet China has one of the most effective population-control policies in the world. Among this policy's many elements are contraceptive pills in paper form (looking something like edible postage stamps), widespread postponement of marriage until the late 20s, and collective decisions on which commune members can have children in a given year. Pegged to general maternity and child care, the Chinese policy also helps people who want more children. Services range from treating individual cases of sterility to increasing population in sparsely inhabited and ethnic-minority areas. But China's population growth rate is only 1.6 percent a year, the lowest of all the developing regions and far less than the world figure of 2.0 percent. China tried in vain to have such figures deleted from already-printed U.N. documents on the pretext that national statistics, like minerals, are resources to be controlled by sovereign states. It was impossible to escape the suspicion that the Chinese wanted to avoid embarrassment from disparity between word and deed.

The fact that countries like China and Brazil are doing something at home, no matter what they say at world conferences, was one reason why the World Population Plan of Action emerged as strong as it did. Another was the fact that most of the world's people live in countries which want to reduce present fertility levels and favor small families —though this fact itself was deleted from the final version of the plan. In all, 30 countries with 75 percent of the population of the developing world have adopted population programs.

The essential feature of the plan as adopted is that it invites countries "which consider their birth rates detrimental to their national purposes . . . to consider setting quantitative goals and implementing policies that may lead to attainment of such goals by 1985." Despite all the efforts to pull its statistical teeth, the plan still states that, to achieve the lowest projected rates of population growth, the developing countries must lower the birth rate from 38 to 30 per thousand by 1985, which "would require substantial national efforts." Nevertheless, "all couples and individuals have the basic human right to decide freely and responsibly the number and spacing of their children and to have the information, education, and means to do so."

Several other underlying issues were aired at the meetings. One was "social security"—the feeling of people in poor countries that they must have many children to make sure that one or two would survive hunger and disease and grow up to take care of them in their old age. The problem was recognized but drowned in intergovernmental gobbledygook about families.

Another basic issue was the impending food crisis. Lester Brown, whose book *In the Human Interest* was the biggest single arsenal of ideas for all sides at the conference, pointed out that the recent starvation in sub-Saharan Africa is only the beginning: the largest food deficit in the history of Asia is just around the corner. He said the recent rise in food prices alone has sent death rates upward for the first time in 20 years as more people starve. The coming Asian food shortage may mean millions of deaths—the unhappiest form of population control.

THE CONFERENCE did not exactly ignore the issue. It adopted a resolution noting that the world food supply is precarious, that millions are faced with possible starvation, and that bad weather and fertilizer scarcity are likely to reduce this year's harvest and increase food prices around the world. The resolution recognized "that the solution of the problem of population growth depends largely on a balance between the size of the world's population and the world's production of foodstuffs and volume of available resources." Then, in best international-conference manner, it called for action: it urged all governments to participate in the World Food Conference to be held in Rome in November and to consider giving higher priority to food and fertilizer production; and it recommended that U.N. agencies intensify their food programs.

As the conference ended, many observers and participants were heard to raise serious questions, not about the *quality* of the plan (which was probably the best possible in the prevailing international circumstances), but about how much the leaders who sat through the conference had learned. Most Americans were pessimistic, but those who wanted to be optimistic about the answer took heart from a phrase inserted in the plan at the insistence of the Chinese: "Of all things in the world, people are the most precious." □

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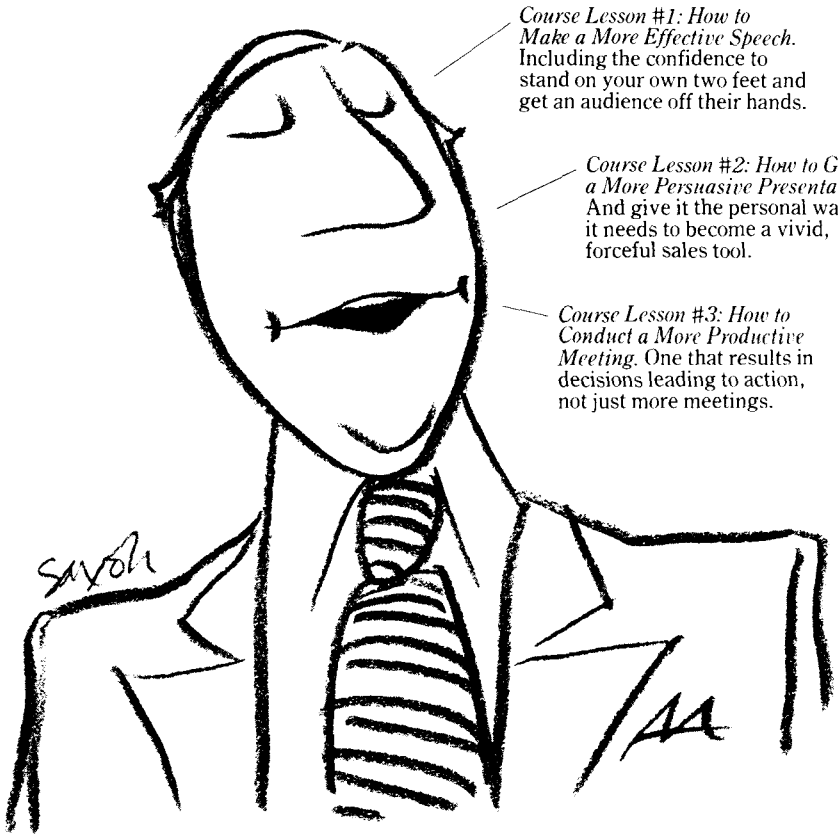
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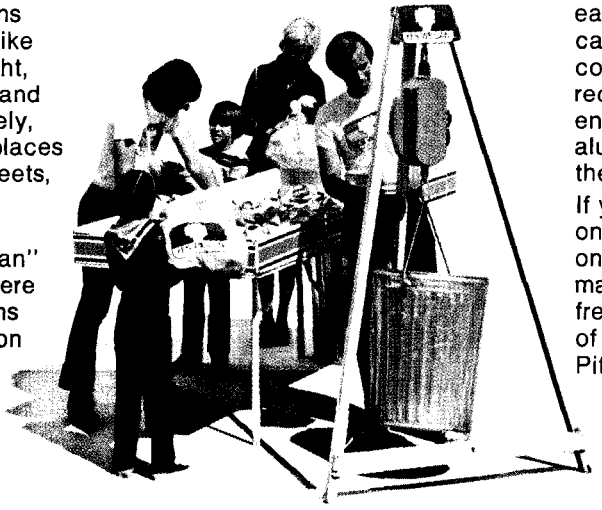

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